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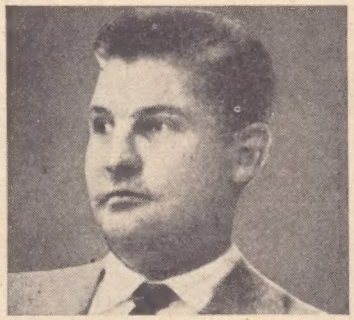

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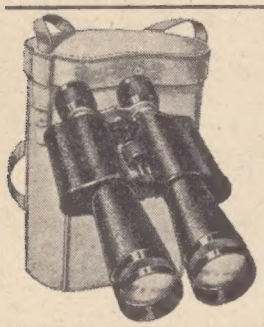

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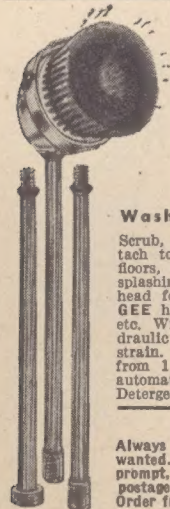

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The Man's Magazine of Exciting Fiction and Fact

VOLUME 131, NUMBER 4 OCTOBER 1956

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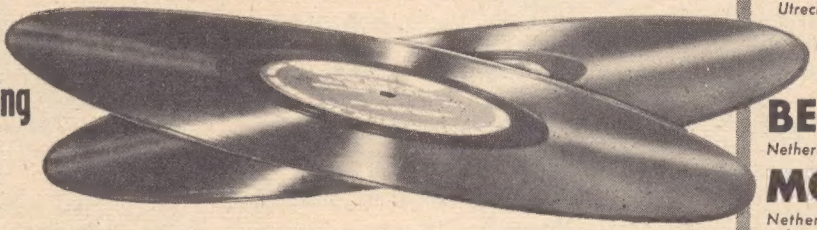

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CAMPFIRE

WE ARE ESPECIALLY proud to lead off this month with congratulations to Arthur Hawthorne Carhart, Ask Adventure expert in the field of North American forestry. Mr. Carhart has been presented with the Izaak Walton League Founder's Award, the highest honor bestowed by this esteemed conservation and wildlife preservation organization.

Mr. Carhart has long been known in conservation circles for his enthusiasm and devotion to the preservation and renewal of our great national forests. The presentation of the Founder's Award was a singular event; the award has been made only five times since its adoption in 1947—twice to individuals and three times to groups.

"This award," said Judge John A. Tobin, president emeritus of the League, "is made only to those who have made truly outstanding achievements in the field of soil conservation and wildlife preservation. It is awarded only in those years when there is a man or a group whose achievements justify it."

Mr. Carhart has written countless numbers of articles and two famous books, "Water or Your Life," and "Timber in Your Life," in the promotion of conservation work. We feel justly proud of our association with this public-spirited man and wish him continued honor in his field.

ONE OF ADVENTURE's most popular writers is John A. Keel whose article, "I Saw the Cobra Strike" appeared in our August issue. John went to dangerous lengths to unravel facts from the myriad superstitions cloaking the nature of cobras. After reading the article, we wondered, as did many of you readers, "How come Keel knows so much about the wily ways of snakes?" So, we asked him.

John was living in Spain where he had rented a house on a mountain overlooking Barcelona. "With my luck running true to form," writes Keel, "we had the most severe winter in recorded history. The marble floors and high ceilings made the place impossible to heat. I actually froze my feet and was incapacitated for a couple of weeks." Now he lives in Barcelona proper, five flights up in a little studio with two fireplaces. "Naturally this means the weather is certain to become unbearably hot."

John's interest in snakes has an involved and curious beginning—one might even say a horrible beginning. Seems he was doing radio script work for the American Forces Network in Europe when, in 1952, he wrote and co-produced a Hallowe'en broadcast from Frankenstein Castle, high on a mountain near Dormstadt, Germany. It drew over 8,000 letters from admiring listeners. In 1953, hoping to top his first horrow show, he headed for Cairo to do a Hallowe'en show from inside, the Great Pyramid.

Egypt fascinated him with its magic, mummies and snake charmers. He determined to go back. And go back he did in the summer of 1954. Since then he's lived in Cairo, Baghdad, India and points further East.

"Magic and snake-charming have long been hobbies of mine," writes Keel, "and 'I saw the Cobra Strike' was written the hard way—by living it. A cobra is a hypnotic thing. Once you've faced one, you'll be fascinated for life. Meeting a cobra is, in a way, like seeing your name in print for the first time—hard to get over. The best and wisest thing to do is to avoid either experience.

"After living in more than forty countries, sleeping with devil-worshippers in Iraq, snake-charmers in India and headhunters is Assam, I've come to despise travel and look forward to the day when I can return to Greenwich Village and sit in an overstuffed chair surrounded by my souvenirs."

For the record, Keel is just twenty-six years old. He's been free-lancing since he left the family farm when he was seventeen to hitchhike to New York, arriving with seventy-five cents in his pocket. Settling in Greenwich Village, (where he once went four days without eating) he became associate editor of a poetry magazine and, after the death of Anton Romatka, he was chairman of the Greenwich Village Poetry Forum. Then came the Army followed by hundreds of adventures and misadventures.

We hope more of these real-life experiences will be turning up in ADVENTURE to interest readers and incidentally, to convince John that he should stave off his early retirement plans.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT returns to ADVENTURE with his exciting article about the murder of Abdullah of Jordan and the consequences of that assassination. His investigation into the plot behind the deed has jelled into a gripping report of hatreds, intrigue—and one of the strangest 'training' programs ever used to produce an assassin.

Mr. Eliot is no stranger to ADVENTURE, having first appeared in these pages in 1935. After a lapse of twenty years he wrote an account of the man who saved Washington when it was under attack, General Charles P. Stone. We're happy he didn't wait another twenty years before rejoining Campfire.

WHEN ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR. begins mulling over something, the result is usually heightened interest, investigation and—presto, a smashingly good article. "Skid Row—the Street Where Anything Goes," on page 18, grew out of Arturo's curiosity about the origin of the term, "Skid Row." When he discovered there really had been a Skid *Road*, he was off and running.

Maybe this nose for good material comes close to being an instinct with Arturo; he tells us he began writing when he was ten years old. It was an inaus-

Gonzalez: From curiosity to copy.

picious beginning, however. Seems he used to print a penny newspaper on a home duplicating set until the principal threw him out of school for selling copies in competition with the school's official newspaper.

Arturo soon climbed above such penny-ante dealings when he put out newspapers for the Navy while attached to the Atlantic Sub Command, and later at Brown University where he worked on campus publications. Readers will have seen his by-line in "This Week," "Coronet," "Pageant," "American Mercury" and "Fortnight."

THOSE readers who have been helped by the astute knowledge of John V. Grombach, Ask Adventure sports expert, will be interested to learn that Mr. Grombach is publishing a book titled, "Olympic Cavalcade of Sports." Mr. Grombach is a member of the United States Olympic Committee and has been connected with Olympics and international athletics for more than thirty-three years. His book (published by Ballantine Books, Inc.) promises to be a definitive encyclopedia of Olympic sports ■ ■

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Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multitester and use it to help make $10, $15 a week fixing sets in spare time while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Coupon below will bring book of important facts. It shows other equipment you build.

You Practice BROADCASTING with Kits I Send You

As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build low-power Broadcasting Transmitter at left. Use it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" . . . perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My Communications Course trains you to get your license. Mail coupon. Book shows other equipment you build for practical experience.

I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a RADIO-TELEVISION Technician

TELEVISION

Making Jobs, Prosperity

25 million homes have Television sets now. Thousands more sold every week. Trained men needed to make, install, service TV sets. About 200 television stations on the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities here for qualified technicians, operators, etc.

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

Our 40th Year

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"I have progressed very rapidly. My present position is Studio Supervisor with KEDD Television, Wichita."—Elmer Frewaldt, 3026 Stadium, Wichita, Kans.

"Fix sets part time in my shop. Made about $500 first three months of the year. Could have more but this is about all I can handle."—Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.

"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street."—Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ."—Bill Delzell, Central City, Nebraska.

BROADCASTING: Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator, Remote Control Operator. SERVICING: Home and Auto Radios, Television Receivers, FM Radios, P.A. Systems. IN RADIO PLANTS: Design Assistant, Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. SHIP AND HARBOR RADIO: Chief Operator, Radio-Telephone Operator. GOVERNMENT RADIO: Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways Radio Operator. AVIATION RADIO: Transmitter Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator. TELEVISION: Pick-up Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator.

Start Soon to Make $10, $15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

My training is practical, complete; is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets the day you enroll, that show you how to fix sets. Multitester you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make $10, $15 a week extra this way.

Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You

Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-Television. Take NRI training for as little as $5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Mail coupon now to: J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. **6JR4**. National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th year.

AVAILABLE to all qualified VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

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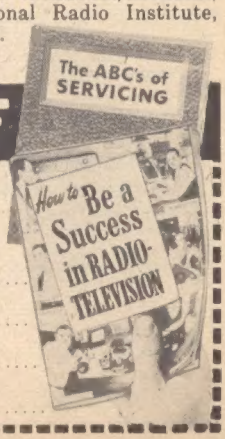


MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6JR4
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name ..... Age .....

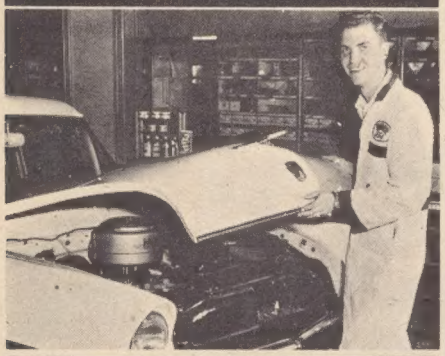
Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

VETS write in date of discharge .....

Mail Today-Tested Way to Better Pay

"Soup Up" Your Paycheck!



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Do you want a better job, good pay and lifetime security? Then listen to this: The auto industry desperately needs trained mechanics. Many earn up to $125 a week—and more. Others open their own shops. There's plenty of work, because over 60 million vehicles are on the road, and over 7 million more are produced annually.

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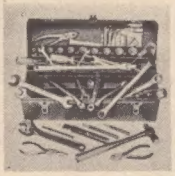
ONLY CTI SENDS THIS TUNE-UP KIT

You quickly locate engine troubles with these essential instruments. Included are a Compression Tester, a Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester, an Ignition Timing Light, and a steel case. *You can practice as you learn!*

VALUABLE TOOLS, TOO!

You also get this fine-quality set of mechanic's tools. These help you get experience while training, do spare time repairing for profit. Both Tune-Up Kit and Tool Set are yours to use—and keep. No extra cost!



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The auto industry offers you every opportunity for success. Find out about the good jobs—and how you can train for them. Just mail coupon today. CTI will send two new books. Both free.

Commercial Trades Institute

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Mail me 28-page book, "Big Money in Auto Mechanics." Also Send Sample Lesson. Both FREE.

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ASK ADVENTURE

REFINISH YOUR STATION WAGON BODY

I have a 1950 Ford station wagon with a wooden body. Although the wood is in excellent condition there are spots here and there where the finish is starting to peel. It seems to me that the present finish is the original. I want to take the finish right down to the wood and redo the whole thing. Could you tell me how to remove the present varnish, and what to apply to the body once it has been cleaned to give it a neutral color or as close to neutral as possible?

JOHN R. MURPHY

Greenwich, Conn.

Be sure that the wood of your station wagon is sound and has not begun to decay or show black mildew and rot spots, particularly at the joints. If that is present there is very little you can do, for if the wood becomes "doty" from rot it is about gone and no finish will hold for any length of time.

Assuming that it is sound: first remove all old finish down to the wood. This you can do with sandpaper or the easier way, with varnish remover. There are many brands of this on the market. Go to a good paint store and ask their advice as to the best type they have for this particular kind of work. Be sure to protect all the surrounding finish with masking tape and paper all the time you are working on the job.

The original finish removed, sand with fine paper, then fill with natural, wood filler and sand again. Garnet and aluminum oxide papers are better than quartz sandpaper.

You state you want a neutral color. By this I am assuming that you want the natural wood color. Most station wagons have been made of ash, finished natural. After filling, apply first a coat of white shellac, adding about an equal amount of wood alcohol to the shellac as it comes from the can. Go over this with fine paper again, and then apply two or three coats of clear Duco lacquer or marine spar varnish, using either a gun or brush, sanding between coats.

Do all the work in a place as free from dust as possible, and wipe carefully after each sanding, just before applying the next coat. Ask at the paint store for a tack cloth. That does a far better job of removing dust than any other rag.

PAUL M. FINK

RARE HALF-DOLLARS

I have a Ulysses S. Grant half-dollar. Would you please tell me how many were minted and of what value it is?

MRS. M. N. RUNNESTRAND

Devils Lake, N. Dakota

In 1922 over sixty-seven thousand Grant half-dollars were coined. These are relatively common. However, there was a short issue of five thousand in the same year with a star over the word "Grant" on the obverse side. The commoner ones are worth from one to three dollars, and the one with the star, from five to forty dollars, depending upon condition of preservation.

WILLIAM L. CLARK

STRADIVARIUS—REAL OR FAKE?

I recently bought an old house and in an old trunk I found a violin with the following marking inside:

Antonius Stradivarius
Cremonenfis Faciebet
Anno 1703

Is this an authentic Stradivarius?

WILLIAM R. BRACKETT

Lancaster, Wis.

While my category for *Ask Adventure* is old and rare books, I can tell you this much: although discovery of a true Stradivarius would indeed be an event, a great many violins pulled out of attic rubbish and such and bearing the Stradivarius imprint are unfortunately fakes, with fake labels.

Many persons have found old violins in their garrets, labeled "Stradivarius," after the celebrated violin maker of the late Seventeenth and early Eighteenth centuries, whose home and shop were in Cremona and whose name in Italian was "Stradivari." However, the unfortunate fact is that most of these instruments have turned out to be "factory fiddles," manufactured by the gross and bearing false labels from such places as Mittenwald, in Bavaria; Markneukirkchen and Klingenthal, in Saxony, Schenbach and Gras-

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now these famous artists are helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in "spare time." Soon people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 22 he was earning $500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

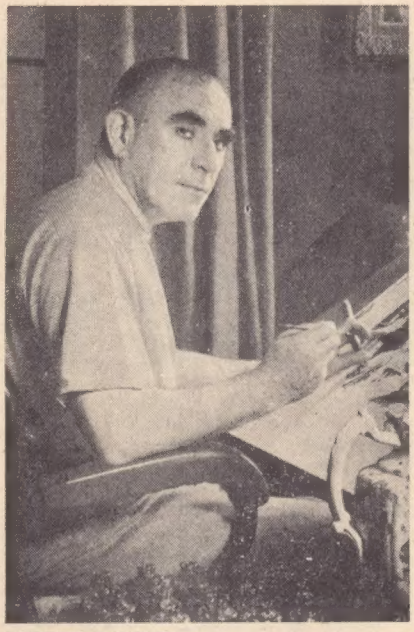
Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, the "illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists — Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a problem and a plan. He pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.



ALBERT DORNE—From the window of his skyscraper studio, this top, money-making artist can see the slums where he once lived.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students quickly succeed. The Famous Artists Schools (whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in art education) now has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he enrolled. Two years later he won a national cartooning prize. Soon after, he signed a contract to do a daily comic strip for a group of newspapers.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing before enrolling in the School. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 8-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 33-L, Westport, Conn.

I want to find out if I have art talent worth developing. Please send me—without obligation—your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. Age
Miss (Please Print)

Address

City, Zone, State

Men's Mart

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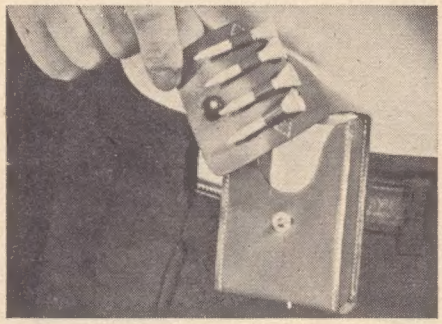
PINUPS, 68 pgs., 11x14	$1.25

BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD
Box 46977, Los Angeles 46, Cal. Dpt. F-9



A fine way to carry cigarettes without crushing them is in this handsome leather case that just slips on your belt. Imported from England, case has place on front for golf tees, fishing flies, pen and pencil, etc. Holds both regular and king-size butts. Tan, green or red cowhide. Specify. $1.95 ppd. With three 24k gold stamped initials, 25c extra. Here's How, 27 East 22nd St., N.Y.

Pop like cheese? Here's a terrific assortment (terrific value, too) if he does. We show only five, but there are actually 6 cheese samples for your money—5 generous hunks totaling over a pound, plus a full 8-oz. bottle of Blue cheese dressing. Cheeses include aged sharp Cheddar, mild Cheddar, hickory and maple-smoked, sage and Oka. $2 ppd. Sugarbush Farm, Woodstock, Vt.

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Shoots like an air gun but this hard-shooting pistol uses powder caps to fire ammunition. For target shooting, plinking or pests. Fun for entire family. 8½" overall. Made of Styrene and steel. Comes with supply of BB's and darts. Money back guarantee. At sports dealers or write:
WAMO MFG CO., Box 61-G, San Gabriel, Calif.

These are really excellent boots, made by the fine craftsmen of Mexico. All work is done by hand. Boots (9" high) have a special last with a large ankle width which lets boots go on and off easily. Fully lined with soft kidskin. Available in tan or black. Sizes 5-12, and in all widths. Specify. Good value at $15 ppd. a pair. McLean Mexico Shopper, 512 N. Main, McAllen, Texas.

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She'll tell you how to make a hit with your girl by choosing her gifts from Frederick's fashion catalog. Send 10c (no stamps) for year's subscription. Dazzling pictures of new Hollywood styles, lingerie, gifts, etc. (Pictures alone are worth the price!) Free to servicemen.
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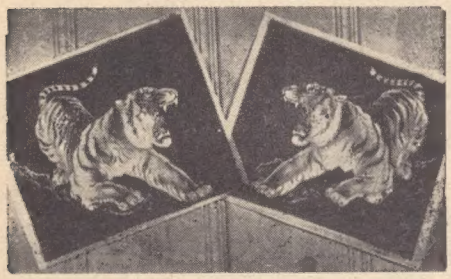
TIGERS



TIGER prints to give your room a rugged, adventure look. Realistic in charcoal black and gold, these IMPORTED TIGERS are hand painted by Japanese artists on silk. A guaranteed eye-catcher in bamboo frame or under a glass tray. Others include:

PANTHERS—Sinewy, jet black
SNOW SCENES—Crisp and cool
ORIENTAL SCENES—Geisha girls, pagodas
LANDSCAPES—Vibrant and colorful

Your satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Unframed 15" x 18", $2.50 each or matching pair $4.50 pp.
HMMH Importers, 6316 Longview Ave.
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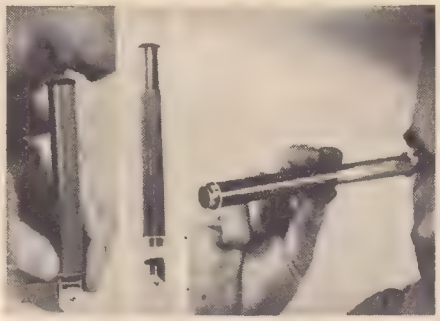
CORTINA ACADEMY, Dept. 1189, 136 W. 52nd St., New York 19.

Some time back we showed a set of mugs decorated with old cars. Now they are back, this time with colorful old railroad locomotives including such as the Hudson double-ender, eight-wheeled American, etc. There are 8 in the set. Handles and rims are trimmed in 22k gold, and your name is engraved in 22k across front (print). Each, $4.95 ppd. Lord George, 1270 Broadway, N.Y.

SHOP BY MAIL WITH ADVENTURE

All products shown here may be obtained directly from indicated sources. Send check or money order with your order. Manufacturer will refund full purchase price on prompt return of unused, non-personalized items. Please mention ADVENTURE when ordering. This department is not composed of paid advertising.

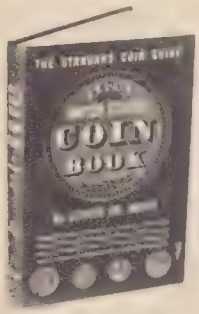
This is superior coral jewelry. It is *real* coral from the Mediterranean Sea, and each piece has been carefully cut, rounded, matched and polished in Capri to make up this necklace and earring set. Color is the true rich coral red. Real craftsmanship is obvious here. 15½-inch double strand necklace, $4.40; earrings, $2.50; set, $6.50 ppd. Alpine Imports, 505-A Fifth Ave., N.Y.



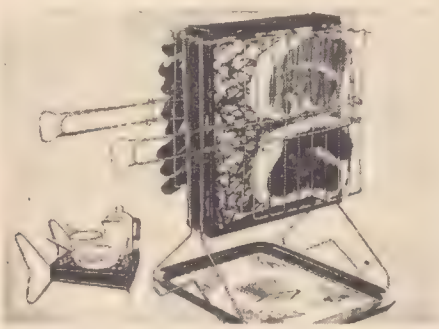
No bigger than a fountain pen, but plenty powerful is this new precision-made pocket microscope-telescope. Handy for sports, looking at rare objects, just plain snooping. Telescope magnifies 10-power with a wide, brilliant field. Microscope is 50-power. Focus sharp at any range: a real optical instrument, not a toy. $4.95 ppd. Prince Enterprises, 103 Park Ave., N.Y.

Mount this small Westinghouse motor on your workbench and use it as a buffing, grinding, polishing wheel. Can also be fitted for light drilling, sanding, etc., or equipped with flexible shaft. Develops 1/60 h.p. at 7,000 rpm on 110 volts AC. Shaft is ¼"; case has 4 mounting holes. Surplus, and a solid bargain for $3.95 ppd. Chabon Scientific Co., 60-F East 42nd, N. Y.

Should you have somebody you'd like to hypnotize, this little mechanical apparatus will do the job. It comes with a 32 page book of instructions which tells how to use the "mechanical hypnotist." The book also has chapters on instantaneous hypnosis, entertaining, etc. Complete, $1.98 ppd. Order from Post-Way Products, Desk 1-PR, 30 East 20th St., New York 3, N.Y.

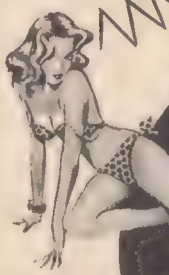


$12,500 for one silver dollar! What are U. S. coins worth? The United States Coin Book gives up-to-date values of all U. S. coins, tells you how to collect 'em, what you should look for in 'em and a batch of other useful information. Covers coins from the earliest Colonial times to the present. Well illustrated, hard-cover book. $2 ppd. Fell Publishers, Dept. C, 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



Although this excellent grill is designed primarily to broil vertically (the restaurant way), it also doubles as a conventional camp stove. Holds less than 2 lbs. of charcoal, will give off a uniform heat for an hour. Broils 40 hot dogs, 4 half chickens, or 4 steaks at a time. With 2 broiler racks and tray, $5.95 ppd. Breck's, 324 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

This fabulous plastic twin-lens VIEWER, plus



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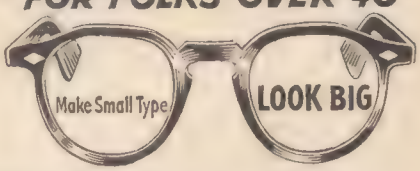

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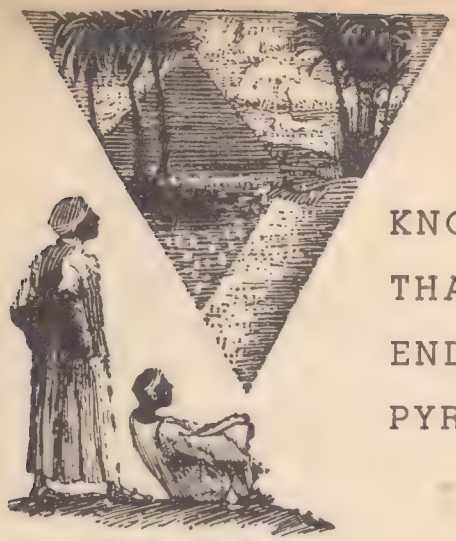

KNOWLEDGE
THAT HAS
ENDURED WITH THE
PYRAMIDS

A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

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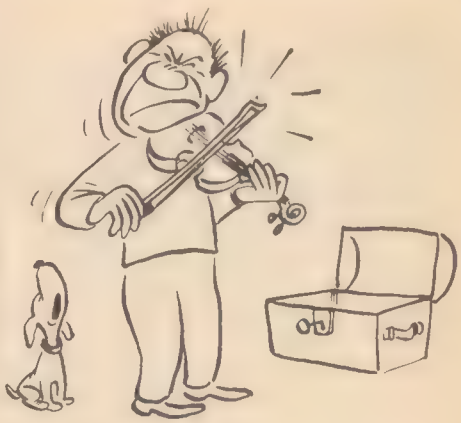
AMENHOTEP IV
FOUNDER OF EGYPT'S MYSTERY SCHOOLS

litz, in Czechoslovakia; and Mirecourt in France.

I cannot say of course whether your find is an exception to the rule, but if you would care to pursue the matter further, I would suggest that you write to Mr. Joseph Wechsberg, c/o "The New Yorker," 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y., who is an authority on



old violins and perhaps could set you straight on yours.

KENNETH A. FOWLER

SETTLING IN SASKATCHEWAN

Would it be possible for a man from the United States to go to Canada and trap? Do you need a permit or must you be a citizen of Canada? Is there any homesteading land available in Saskatchewan and would it also be possible to do placer mining for gold and other minerals?

ROLAND SWEET

Nickerson, Nebraska

Trapping, homesteading and placer mining are *out;* the first two are no more and the last never was.

Trapping is regulated today. The country was being taken up so rapidly by trappers that the government figured it had to do something about it in the interests of the Indians and the trappers already located. The North Country is now run on the "block" system; that is, it is laid out in districts with a local governing body made up of the trappers themselves. No one is allowed to trap in any block without the approval of the block-council and the government, and trapping licenses are issued only to bona-fide residents of the North. You would have to take up residence in the North and make a living there by some other means for at least five years before a license would be issued you, and then only on the recommendation of the local council.

The homesteading of land has been discontinued and land now has to be purchased. For full information on this you should write The Minister, Department of Natural Resources, Regina, Saskatchewan.

This is a bedrock country with plenty of mining activity, but all mining is a quartz proposition. There is also plenty of prospecting going on, and Northern Saskatchewan is a leading uranium producer, but while this is a good gamble, it can hardly support a family during the prospecting stage.

H. S. M. KEMP ■ ■

PHOTOS FROM EUROPEAN

Truck blazes in Tel Aviv during outbreak of violent street fighting following assassination of Abdullah.

THE DAY ABDULLAH DIED

The die was finally cast the day Abdullah of Jordan was shot to death. The murder set both Arab and Jew on the long and bloody road to war

by GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

THE DAY ABDULLAH DIED

A House in the Old City of Jerusalem,
July 17, 1951, 2:30 p.m.

MUSTAFA SHUQRI ASHU stood at the window, peering through the intricate tracery of the fretwork screen at the woman in the garden below. She lay at ease on the silken cushions. Her face and neck, her plump arms, and the curves of her billowy breasts were all exposed by carelessly thrown-back garments: for this was a private place, supposedly guarded against the intrusion of male eyes.

Mustafa's mouth watered as he watched her. He had dreamed of her only the night before, a dream from which he had wakened to find himself perspiring from head to foot. He began to tremble; a thin stream of saliva drooled from the corner of his mouth down his receding chin. He had known women before—was he not a man grown, full twenty years old?—but what were bazaar girls, selling their favors for a few piastres, to this pearl among women who was promised to him if—

King Abdullah was murdered by Mustafa Shuqri, known terrorist, on steps of Moslem shrine in Jerusalem.

"She is thinking of you," purred the voice of Ahmed el-Ayyubbi close to his ear. Mustafa jumped. El-Ayyubbi had come on silent feet, as always. His small eyes glittered in their sockets of fat.

"But she has never seen me," objected Mustafa.

"She has watched you often, when you did not know," el-Ayyubbi assured him. "She told me only this morning how she longed for the hour when you would come to her—when she could receive you as a true Fida'i, a Faithful One, an initiate of the Sacred Struggle. To such alone will she yield her charms. Now you have feasted your eyes long enough. Come. All is ready for the test."

Mustafa did not want to leave the window. This was only the second time he had been allowed to see her. But Mustafa was afraid to argue with el-Ayyubbi. A *djinn* dwelt in that fat body, a *djinn* that even such fierce warriors as the two Okkeh brothers did not care to rouse. The spindly youth followed fat Ayyubbi across the room, through a door, and along a hall to the head of the stairway which led downward into a realm of darkness and dank odors.

Here Mustafa spent most of his time. Here were the tumbled rags of his bed, the fragments of his last meal—when was it, yesterday? This morning he had not felt like taking food. They had granted him a dream pill the night before, and that was better even than roast mutton glistening with grease.

Ahead of him, el-Ayyubbi opened another door. A white glare of light revealed still another flight of descending steps. Below, at their foot, figures crowded under the floodlamp. They were not human figures, as Mustafa knew well. They were pasteboard targets, suspended on cords. An overhead arrangement of pulleys allowed them to ascend the stairway, one by one.

"Take your place, Mustafa," Ayyubbi ordered. "Abed Okkeh will give you the weapon."

Mustafa had a glimpse of Okkeh's truculent mustache at the edge of the lighted space. He knew he was holding out his hand, he knew his fingers had closed on the butt of the revolver—and yet he had a feeling of standing far away, watching someone else doing these things. It was always like that after he had had a dream pill.

Now he had to stand still and wait, looking through the peepholes at the pasteboard target figures by the foot of the cellar stairs. His attention was fixed on the first figure, which represented a small man in a gray robe and a white turban. It was moving, coming up the stairs toward him, gliding along as Abed Okkeh slowly drew in the cord.

Behind it, when it was halfway up the steps, the other figures began ascending two by two. They were painted to represent soldiers in khaki uniforms, with red-and-white checkered *kawyas* draped about their heads. These were operated by Abed Okkeh's younger brother, Zakaria.

Mustafa knew the rules. When the leading figure had reached the top step, he must step out from his place of concealment and fire at the blank space where the face would be, if this pasteboard thing was (*Continued on page* 63)

Heavily armed and mechanized patrol of the Trans-Jordan Army trains for battle after the assassination, on eve of Abdullah's peace negotiations, triggered new border disputes between Israeli Jews and Jordan's Arabs.

Raiding parties of both Arab and Jewish terrorists are constant threat to peace, increasing tensions on Israel-Jordan border. Here, innocent victims of bitter clash between extremist forces await burial outside border village.

Death Lives Here

"You bought your way into this mess, mister. Now you're in for the payoff. Sorry, but you've got to die — now!"

by HENRY PRIDDY

"GOOD Lord, man, you can't use words like that in a telegram!" Bob Slade, manager of the Eastern office of Coastal Telegraph, regarded with distaste the rambling scrawl which had been shoved into his protesting hands.

Across the oak counter a flabby form was draped in alcoholic abandon. Two rheumy eyes widened lugubriously at Slade's words, a husky voice creaked shocked protest.

"M'boy, thish is special. Y'see"—he leaned confidentially over thin air and righted himself with an effort—"I got a girl friend in Wash—Washington. Come Saturday night she goes out places, 'less I tell her stay home."

Under normal circumstances Slade would have humored the old goat. Tonight was different. A thin edge of impatience grated in his ordinarily pleasant voice, and he returned a disgusted glare to the vacant smile his customer wafted across the counter.

"Look here, I'm busy. I don't (*Continued on page* 50)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK COZZARELLI

Within the shack was a girl trussed like a mummy. She strained at her bonds as a new prisoner was brought in.

Every city has its avenues of broken dreams, its dark, twisting streets on which sprawl the dregs of humanity,

Built on man's need for women, fostered by his craving for liquor and excitement, many a city has its degraded

SKID ROW

THE STREET WHERE ANYTHING GOES

by A. D. GONZALEZ

men down on their luck and hope. It takes a few lurching steps to enter—an agony of spirit to crawl out again.

ALWAYS the headlines are pretty much the same: "New Police Commissioner Promises Skid Row Reform," "Firemen Fight Skid Row Fire," and "WCTU Condemns Skid Row Saloons."

Earnestly, society attempts to reform that bitter land on the other side of the tracks—Skid Row. And just as earnestly, Skid Row remains as it has always been: a region where death lurks in the alleys, where tired, mascaraed floozies flop for a half-dollar in bug-infested, neon-lit hotels and rooming-houses, and where the pawnshops, "Jesus Saves" temples, chili joints, bookie hangouts, saloons, pool halls, and quarter haircut parlors squat together in side-by-side degradation.

Skid Row—society's sore, land of shattered dreams, homeland of the down and out, the century's street of sin . . .

When John Pennell stepped ashore on a Seattle, Washington, sandspit one summer day in 1861, Skid Row was yet to be born. But Pennell, richly clothed in fancy suits purchased with the profits of his Barbary Coast brothel business, was in Seattle expressly to help with the delivery.

The berthed schooner groaned and creaked at her sandspit mooring, the blue waters of Puget Sound lapping at her weather-stained sides as Pennell strode toward the heart of the tiny lumbering community before him, an oasis of civilization clinging between the verdant timberlands and the inland reaches of the Pacific.

As he stepped carefully uphill along muck-stained Yesler Way, Pennell smiled inwardly at those he met: the Indian lugging furs to the trader, the pigtailed sailor drunkenly celebrating his first shore leave in months, the sweaty Chinese laborer, and the logger skidding his timber down the street to Henry Yesler's newly built sawmill. With satisfaction, Pennell noted that all had (*Continued on page* 60)

Cheap eateries, bars, pawnshops, supply simple

Revel and aftermath—typical of Skid Row life.

needs of men who have lost more ambitious aims.

Men's biggest hurdles are their broken spirits.

Violence is close on the heels of drunken stupor.

"I used to be . . ." Here, where men live on memories, ghosts of the past come to brighten hazy, sick minds.

Terror's Three Seconds

A stunned driver, a racing car beyond control . . . and three crimson seconds when Death took over the wheel

Alpha Alvin skids out of control, roaring

THE crowd that had pushed in behind the first fence was standing six deep. There was a second row of fencing about twelve feet behind the one that edged the race track. Actually, the spectators were supposed to be back behind the second fence, but plenty of them ignored the rule, climbed the back fence, and shoved forward to the very edge of the narrow runway.

The Australian Racing Club officials had given up trying to enforce the rule, but nobody who got hurt in between those two fences could collect damages from the track management.

About 5,000 people were watching when the Alpha Alvis came over the rise just 200 yards from Pit Corner, which was a right-angle, left-hand turn. Apparently Anthony Burke, driver of the car, was having trouble.

The crowd behind the first fence at Pit Corner was too intent upon the race to worry about danger. They were tense and very quiet as they watched the Alpha Alvis lurch into sight over the rise. It was skidding from side to side like a drunk carrying a load.

In a matter of seconds the Alpha covered the 200 yards, but because of the lurching it did not head straight for the crowd that had gathered behind the fence at Pit Corner. Not at first, it didn't.

Then one of the lurches became a skid. The spinning wheels hit the dirt gutter, knocked over a fence post—and the roaring hot motor was plowing into the crowd!

The screams of spectators, the agonized moans and cries of the injured and dying mingled with the sputtering of the motor as the driver tried frantically to control his runaway car.

When the dust and smoke thinned out, the horrified spectators behind the second fence stared at the gruesomely scattered bodies of the injured and the dead.

The car had come to a twisted halt in the midst of the carnage. Pit crews ran to aid the stunned driver, who was not injured. He had done his best to stop the skidding car before it reached the crowd. If the spectators had remained behind the safety fence he would have succeeded.

The crew found the cause of the tragedy, a blowout in a rear tire.

Australian Racing Drivers' Club officials report it was the worst crash they'd had on the Mount Panorama circuit since the track opened. ■ ■

through barrier into spectators crowded six deep, during race at Bathurst. Arrows show driver, rear tire blowout.

PHOTOS FROM EUROPEAN

Eighteen people were badly hurt when they ignored ruling to stay behind second wall edging runway.

Under hypnotic thrill of watching race, few realized danger when car spun off circuit, headed into stands.

The Half-Million-Dollar Hat

Of all the officers in Lee's command, none was more colorful than Jeb Stuart—who dared to bet a hat on the field of battle with an old classmate fighting on the "other side"

JAMES EWELL BROWN STUART (known as Jeb) was one of the handsomest officers in the Confederate Army. As a matter of fact, his classmates at West Point called him "Beauty."

It was during a reunion with one of them, under the strangest circumstances, that this story came about. It concerned a hat that cost the United States upward of half a million dollars in cash, plus a lot of military impedimenta. It occurred in the summer of 1862 during the War Between the States when the two graduates met each other in a manner that could not be described as friendly.

The Battle of Cedar Mountain was a hard-fought engagement that left Lee's Army in possession of the field. On the following day Jeb Stuart, riding over the terrain with professional curiosity, encountered Union Brigadier Generals George D. Bayard and Samuel W. Crawford, under a flag of truce with medical parties collecting dead and wounded. Stuart and Bayard, who had been good friends at the Academy, fell into conversation, and Stuart remarked that he would "bet a hat" the Northern papers would call Cedar Mountain a great Union victory (which they, as professional soldiers, knew it was not.) Bayard and Crawford accepted the bet and paid off a few days later sending Stuart a hat and a New York newspaper claiming a great Union victory at Cedar Mountain.

It was a handsome fawn-colored hat, which pleased Jeb Stuart very much. He pinned up the brim with a large gold star and stuck an ostrich plume in it.

But, unfortunately, he kept the hat less than two weeks! Colonal Broadhead's First Michigan Cavalry infiltrated the Confederate flank south of the Rapidan River and surprised Jeb Stuart and a small group of staff officers who were awaiting Fitz Lee at Verdiersville. They captured Stuart's plumed hat, along with certain other possessions and very nearly captured Stuart himself. The general was so angry he vowed he'd make the Yankees pay dearly for the hat.

James Ewell Brown Stuart was no one to trifle with. At twenty-eight he was a major general commanding the Cavalry Division of the Army of Northern Virginia, and his name was written high on the scroll of fame. The letters were to be larger and brighter before a Yankee bullet cut him down at Yellow Tavern in 1864. Phil Sheridan, his most implacable enemy, said of him that he was "the greatest cavalryman ever foaled."

After Cedar Mountain Major General John Pope had withdrawn his Army of Virginia behind the Rappahannock River and had his center at Rappahannock Station where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crossed the river. General Lee brought his forces to this spot and for a few days the two armies faced each other across the Rappahannock.

On August 22nd Stuart proposed to General Lee that cavalry make a foray around Pope's right flank, cut his communications with Alexandria, and learn what he could of Pope's plans, strength and resources.

Just how much the affair of the hat entered into Stuart's desire to raid Pope's rear does not (*Continued on page 55*)

by COLONEL L. P. D. WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WATERHOUSE

THE LAST HUNT

Jackie Bowden went on the prod once too often in the rough town of Aldersville. He rigged himself for a Boothill sticker — and they asked his father to punch it!

by EDWARD LINN

ILLUSTRATED BY BIL COHEN

THE LAST HUNT

THE sound of gunfire snapped Sheriff Jeff Hardiman upright on his cot. That would be Jackie Bowden, down from JAW ranch again.

Jeff arched his spine painfully, massaging his back. He was tall, lean and rock-hard, despite the gray patches mottling his sandy hair, but his back wasn't what it used to be. Hell, what could a man expect? He was forty-five.

He strapped on his gun belt and reached for his hat. Then his eyes ran over the dozen or so gun belts draped over the brackets on the wall. Jackie's distinctive, pale-blue belt wasn't there among them.

In twenty-two years, Jeff had tamed Alderville so thoroughly that the cowpokes from the surrounding ranches automatically parked their guns at his office when they came to town. Most of the real tough nuts were either dead now or had pushed on further west. Jackie Bowden was the only one left.

Jackie wasn't a killer; he wasn't even a tough nut. He had simply grown to manhood with one thought uppermost in his mind: he had to kill Jeff Hardiman. And he had a reason.

Jeff stepped out onto his narrow porch and eyed the crowd gathered in front of Arch Merck's saloon. Arch was Jeff's deputy. Squat and scowling, he was standing straddle-legged along the inner fringe of the mob collected around Jackie Bowden and Jackie's new ranch hand, Allie Coit.

Coit spotted Jeff, and, grinning thinly and malicously, took careful aim at a dead, blood-soaked cat lying in the middle of the road and fired three shots. The body of the cat spun only twice. That put Coit away as a danger to him, Jeff thought. Anyone who couldn't put three bullets into the left eye of a cat at that distance wasn't any problem to Jeff, even if he was a friend of Jackie's.

The fact (*Continued on page* 73)

Suddenly, Arch spun around and slammed the barrel of his shotgun across the side of Allie's head.

Old bull locks tusks with younger member of herd in battle for cow (far left) and supremacy of herd.

Bulls charge head-on, tusks slashing for a vital thrust Two clashes end in draw; third assault draws blood

He'll fight for his female, and death is in his tusks. When you see two bull elephants battle at mating time, you're looking at

Jungle Murder

by ROD LENGLE

Angry trumpet of enraged bull echoes through forest, tells herd that old bull's leadership is being challenged.

FOR three months the French explorer, Georges Grenier, had followed a herd of elephants through Rhodesia, driving an Austin A70 Pickup loaded with camping equipment, food supplies and his photography equipment. Very little photography of elephants in their intimate moments is available for they are the animals of the jungles most sensitive of the presence of man. Despite their nearsightedness they are hard to come close to due to their highly developed sense of smell and can be approached only when the wind is blowing against you. So, Grenier had determined to devote an entire safari to the one herd of elephants and photograph a complete record of their family life.

Eventually he singled out a young couple, a male and female elephant who were always together and obviously very much in love. They seemed to want to be alone, and were always leaving the herd separately, he finally noticed, but would meet when out of sight of the herd—a fact Grenier had discovered by following the members of the group when they went off alone from time to time.

Grenier came to see that, (*Continued on page* 83)

Experience of old leader tells. He rams tusk through challenger's jaw, slices upward through arteries. With thundering bellow of pain and fear, young bull goes down, his first and last fight ended. Victor withdraws with female.

Carcass of young bull sprawls on jungle floor, a prey for hyenas and jackals. Victor will control herd, keep his cow until the day when a new challenge is trumpeted through forest and old bull is finally dethroned by death.

Blood on the Sword

A boy without a chance . . . a man without a future . . . a day when Death was red and close and a matador must be worthy of his name . . .

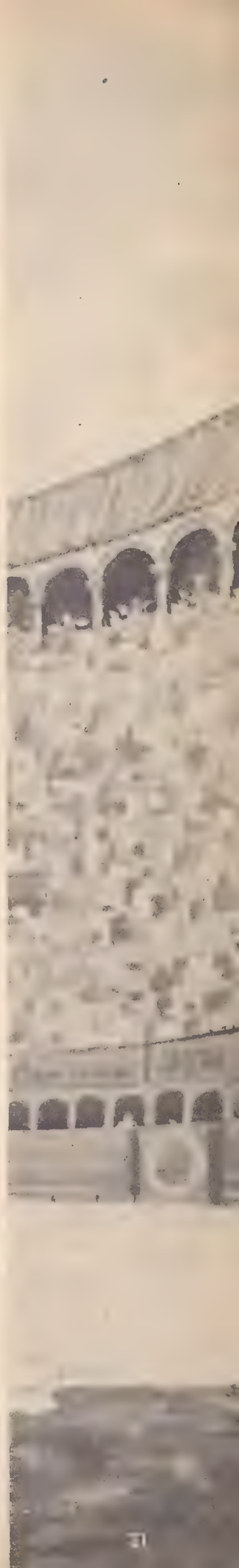
IT WAS eleven o'clock on a cold Sunday morning in Malaga, the gusty March wind coming off the snows of the high Sierra Nevadas making the morning crowds shiver. Not a good day for bullfighting.

José Villar picked his way through the square and turned into Larios Street, making for the Café Grenada and hot black coffee and a brandy on the side. On days like this he would rather have stayed at home, for the cold made the old horn wounds in his thigh and shoulders turn purple-blue and ache. But he did not want to offend. The coffee and brandy were free, as they had been every day for the last ten years. A town that has produced only one great matador does not forget, It was good publicity for the café, and he had not forgotten what good publicity meant.

A bullfight poster caught his eye. He stopped to read it: six young bulls to be killed that afternoon; three novilleros to do the killing. The names did not mean much to him: Manolo (*Continued on page* 56)

by ALAN SCHOLEFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ROSENBAUM



The bull hooked. Gregorio went up over the horn.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED RUSSELL

...fabulous

femme

■ The urge to be famous for fame's sake alone is not the goal of glamorous but pixyishly practical Jayne Hacklin, who has just attained voting age. Jayne frankly admits that she's no H-bomb bundle of talent, and that she's unknown on stage, screen, and TV. Just as frankly, she asserts that her main goal in life is to make "lots and lots of money."

She's doing very well. Perhaps because she has no delusions of grandeur, she's a top-rank photographer's model. We dunno, but maybe her unstage-struck common sense is due to her small-town background she's a product of Hartwick, New York (population 500).

She works like Billy-be-damned, has no particular hobbies nor boy friends. Producers take note: You may be overlooking star stuff.

(*More pictures on following page*)

...fabulous femme

Continued

PHOTO BY PAUL WAGNER — AL WEISS

WHAT IS YOUR SEXUAL AGE?

PROBABLY the most famous example of a male who retained sexual vigor to an advanced age was Old Tom Parr, an English farmer. Thomas Parr, who outlived nine successive kings and several wives, contracted his final marriage when he was 122 years old. With this spouse he was "so energetic" that she "did not notice his real age."

This was amazing, since she was only in her twenties when Old Tom married her. And what is more amazing, he buried her after twelve years of connubial bliss, when he was 134 years old. A famous man because of his longevity and virility, he was invited to the Royal Court when he was about 150. There he revealed such a lustiness for enjoyment that he literally ate and drank himself to death, the process requiring two years.

Many students of geriatrics, the science of aging, have wondered how long Parr might have lived had he not surrendered to the lures of princely food and drink. The autopsy, performed personally by Sir William Harvey, revealed that the body "was muscular, the chest hairy and the hair of the forearms still black, the heart healthy, the bones not very brittle as they are usually at an advanced age but flexible and singularly firm."

This is not a made-up yarn; the records concerning Thomas Parr are authentic and he has served as the subject of multitudes of scientific studies and even pieces of fiction. His case indicates how greatly longevity and potency vary in the male sex, and leads quite naturally to the personal questions:

What is my true sexual age, as distinguished from my chronological age? Am I aging sexually more rapidly or more slowly than the average? What are my chances for a long life of satisfactory sexual activity? What are the connections, if any, between the retention of potency and longevity?

And finally: Can I increase my chances of prolonging both my sexual capacity and my life span?

At the start, it must be emphasized that potency and longevity in males vary greatly, but that they are generally

as you feel? What is

your actual capacity

for life, happiness,

love? These simple tests

will help to give you

the answers

by PHILIP S. CASCIO

found together. The man who lives to an advanced age is very likely ot be potent throughout most, if not all, of his adult years, while the man who lives fewer years than the average is likely to suffer from diminished potency or a total loss of it at an earlier age than most. As examples of the former:

The famous Turk Zaro Agha, who was a guest of the United States not long ago and who died only recently at the age of 160, was married eleven times, the last time when he was 153. Christian Jacob Drackenberg, a Dane, lived to be 156, marrying his last wife at 111 and outliving her. As a widower he tried to get married again but was rejected. So he drank himself to death, but, even at that, he was able to walk four miles a day in the final year of his life.

A Dr. P. Defournel, who wrote the book "Nature Unmasked" as a guide to prolongation of potency and life, married a twenty-six year old woman when he was 102, sired several children by his youthful wife, and died when he was 119.

Another book, "The Philosophy of Longevity," has an account of a man who sired a son when he was 155 years old and lived to be 195. Pierre Joubert of Quebec, Canada, sired a child when he was 113 years old and lived eight years thereafter. In 1951 an Indian named Kashinath married for the fourth time; he was then 128.

A Russian named Shapkovsky was investigated recently by Henri Barbusse; he was then 140 and had a daughter only twenty-four. Senor José Pacifico, a wealthy Brazilian, who was married eleven times, died a short time ago at 139.

In "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," though no special effort was made to obtain case histories of the very old, Kinsey and his associates found that only twenty-five per cent of adult, white males were still potent at age eighty-nine. Whites were differentiated from Negroes in this study because of the disparity in the (*Continued on page 66*)

Charred body of one of fifty-two passengers who died in DC63 crash outside of Cairo is carried from wreckage.

Wings of the

It took Charles Billet, one of the best flyers in all of France, only seconds to disappear off the radar scopes, piloting his flying cemetery and fifty-two passengers to charred, burning death

HEAVY black clouds moved restlessly through the sky above Cairo and above the airport, twenty-five miles outside the city limits. Mixed with clouds were the sands of the desert, for the winds accompanying the storm had drawn the desert up into the sky, and the heat that hung over the land was a terrible, smothering blanket.

The radio in the airport was in contact with the Saigon-Paris plane that was scheduled to make a stop at the Egyptian capital. The radio operator in the airport station got the plane's usual signal, acknowledged reception and sent out a procedure of approach for the pilot to follow in a blind landing.

Then, abruptly and without warning, the plane disappeared from the radio contact, and from the radar screen. An alert was sent out at once as a matter of routine, al-

Rescuers arrived minutes after crash. Only twelve survived worst disaster in history of French civil aviation.

Damned

by TERRY HADLEY

PHOTOS BY COORDINATION PARIS

though the pilot, Charles Billet, was known to be one of the best in France and a holder of the world's record in long-distance civil flights.

As the minutes passed and still no further sound came from the radio receiver, the airport authorities went into action. Every available plane took off to make a search of the area, although the sky was now black with sand-laden clouds and the only sign they could hope for from the missing plane was one which nobody wanted to consider—the flare of a burning ship.

An American Airlines pilot, Captain William Judd, was the first searcher to sight the flaming wreckage sprawled out on the desert about twenty-five miles outside of Cairo. The next day a Bedouin appeared who reported that he had been camped in the desert during the storm and had seen the plane burst into flames in the sky and then fall to earth.

The ship, a DC63, carried a total of sixty-four human beings, and when a helicopter reached the scene of the disaster about seventy-five minutes after the crash, carrying doctors and nurses, there were only twelve alive. The rest were burned to crisp, black, inhuman crusts in the quick, intense fire that consumed the ship.

All the survivors were crew members, who had been in a different compartment of the plane and were able to escape. The passengers could not be released from their section of the ship in time to save any of them. Fifty-two bodies burned to cinders were carried from the wreckage after it had cooled, but only the official passenger list could identify them.

The disaster was one of the most severe in the history of France's civil aviation. ■ ■

D. Gillen

THE RECKLESS ONES

Their hunting ways were secret, their quarry hidden to man. But they were looking for big game, all right, the last, biggest trophy of all — the Sea Thing some men called Death

by ARTHUR C. CLARKE

ALTHOUGH by general consent Harry Purvis stands unrivaled among the "White Hart" *clientele* as a purveyor of remarkable stories (some of which, we suspect, may be slightly exaggerated) it must not be thought that his position has never been challenged. There have even been occasions when he has gone into temporary eclipse. Since it is always entertaining to watch the discomfiture of an expert, I must confess that I take a certain glee in recalling how Professor Hinckelberg disposed of Harry on his own home ground.

Many visiting (*Continued on page* 58)

Frankly, with dignity, this article dares to probe into the world's most "hush-hush" morals problem. Here are some startling answers

IS Virginity OUT OF DATE?

THE virgin in America is vanishing at an alarming rate. If the present trend continues unabated, it will not be long before unmarried virgins will be as hard to find as Model T Fords or bicycles built for two. The young man who is old-fashioned enough to want a virgin for a bride will stand about as much chance of finding one as of finding a girl with six fingers on each hand.

This is not mere "view-with-alarm" sensationalism, unsupported by facts. It is the detailed finding of a multitude of sociologists, marriage counselors, divorce judges and attorneys, educators at the high-school level, welfare agencies, and religious leaders who have made careful surveys of the situation.

In just about half a century the "era of the double standard" has been overthrown by a female revolution whose consequences are certain to be tremendous. Most of us scarcely realize that this revolution is going on until we pause to make the following comparisons.

Approximately half a century ago a little pamphlet, appropriately titled "A Father's Letter to his Daughter," was something of a best-seller. It advised the young girl to cultivate "modesty of demeanor" and "never hear, much less understand, indiscretions" (meaning the sly joke with a double meaning or the out-and-out bawdy remark). It also instructed the girl in the art of deception, telling her that if she happened to have "any learning" to "keep it a profound secret, especially from men." It suggested that the girl who was out to get a husband practice "feigning interest in any subject" and cultivate "a subdued and soft tone of voice."

This was in the appropriate pattern of the time. Young girls were to be seen, but seldom heard. Sex was a subject that was never discussed in their presence and, in general, their ignorance of sex was abysmal. Mothers taught daughters that the marital act was an instrument of man's pleasure only, and that the wife who obtained gratification from it was "unladylike" and in danger of becoming a bawd.

As recently as 1915 sex was a taboo subject between teachers and students in women's colleges. In that year, one small college in the East—a fashionable and "progressive" private school—undertook the daring experiment of questioning the graduating class on various aspects of sex. The thirty-four girls averaged nineteen years of age. Of this group, eight indignantly refused to answer any of the questions. Twenty—or almost sixty per cent—said that they did not know how human beings reproduced. Only six confessed that they understood the principles of reproduction. Four stated that they were non-virgins.

By contrast, sex is now so frankly and eagerly discussed by most of our maidens that the cynical observation "American girls have just discovered sex and they're for it one hundred per cent," appears all-too-accurate. Sex education is now taught in a multitude of schools as a matter of course, and is strongly approved by (*Continued on page* 69)

PHOTO BY GRAPHIC HOUSE

by RAYMOND S. TRAFFARN

Soldier of fortune, Wilson, joins forces with rebels, promises to fight tyrannical government, raid gun-runners.

Double-cross leads to ambush, defeat of rebel forces.

Rebel chief, Escobar, captures Kennedy, wants arms.

BANDIDO

■ Guaranteed to keep the toughest hombre awake and itching to get into the action himself is United Artists' new Cinemascope thriller "Bandido."

Mexico in the year 1916 was chosen as the locale to provide plenty of bona-fide justification for the shooting, near-shooting, raids, escapes, double-crosses and what-have-you that stud the picture. It will be remembered that during this year, with World War I raging to its peak, Mexico itself was in the throes of revolution.

Into Mexico poured a multitude of soldiers of fortune, men in whose blood thrilled the urge for combat and danger.

Here, in all honesty, is a setup in which anything could happen—and does. A man named Kennedy (played by Zachary Scott) arrives in a small Mexican village, and it soon becomes apparent that he has weapons to sell to the *Regulres* but not to the rebels, who are short of funds. With him is his lovely wife Lisa (Ursula Thiess).

A triangle starts to shape up with the appearance of Richard Wilson (Robert Mitchum). It is no secret that Wilson is developing a yen for Lisa after he chances to meet her following a little unpleasantness she has had with her husband. But, at the moment, he has other fish to fry. Specifically, he is concocting a scheme to deliver both Kennedy and his weapons into the hands of the rebel leader, José Escobar (Gilbert Roland).

Fellows who like blood and guts should see this one. ■

Wilson risks life, honor, to save Lisa from death.

Suspected of betraying rebel forces, Wilson redeems himself by blowing up government ammunition boats.

I never had trouble finding jobs—or losing them. But until I met that actress, I never could find

The Right Kind of Work for Me

by RAY S. HARRIS

I WAS thinking of working at a Pacific Gas & Electric camp again in the summer vacation, but along toward the end of the college year I got to talking with Leon Tuttle and he told me I was a sucker not to get some easier money. The summer before he had sold an encyclopedia and made over four hundred dollars clear, and this summer he and a number of other students were going out with the Century Book of Facts. He said the sales manager was coming down from San Francisco that night, and if I wanted to join the gang of canvassers he would okay me.

"If it's the right kind of work for you," he said, "you'll clean up."

As soon as the sales manager began talking, I thought that I would fit in with this work all right. He made three talks on three successive evenings, telling us how to sell and meet customers resistance, and then we had to buy a book ourselves to prove our serious interest. The cloth-bound was four dollars and a half and the calf-bound, six dollars. I borrowed eight dollars from Ed Kay and bought the cloth-bound. The manager assigned me Butte County, up in the northern end of the Sacramento Valley and my big towns were Chico and Oroville.

The fare from Palo Alto to Chico just about cleaned me out, as they charged my bike as extra baggage, and when I got to Chico I got my bike from the baggage car and my Book of Facts and went right over to the Public Library, where the lady in charge ordered a copy immediately and

paid me the four dollars and a half for cloth-bound book.

Then I went over to the newspaper office, and the editor said they sure needed all the facts they could get and ordered a four-dollars-and-a-half copy.

This gave me three dollars profit, because I made a dollar and a half on each book. I sent the balance in to the book people in San Francisco, and figured that if I made three dollars in half an hour I would perhaps make more than Leon Tuttle by the end of summer. The three men selling most were to get a bonus.

The editor told me about a house where I could get board and room and I went there and signed up at twelve dollars a week, paying two dollars down.

Next morning I got on the electric train and went over to Oroville, where the librarian did not buy the book. Then I went to the newspaper, and the editor said, "Ill buy it on one condition. The farmers around here have begun to talk about a new melon called the casaba. If your Book of Facts has that fact, you've made a sale."

I told him it did, and we looked and it wasn't there, any place. But he himself had opened the book and he opened it in the middle and broke the back. He really broke it, too, so it hung in two parts, although it was held together by the binding. He leaned back in his chair and blew out his breath and said, "Well, I broke the back of your damned book, so I'll have to buy one anyway." He ordered the cloth-bound at four dollars and a half.

Now I had exhausted my obvious market and it was up to me to do the rest of my selling to the general public in house-to-house canvassing. I spent the rest of the day working hard in Oroville and never sold a book. Then I went back to my boarding house in Chico, and the next morning started canvassing the homes there. I never sold a book. Most of the women who came to the door did more talking than I did. They asked if I was a college boy and wanted to know where I went to college, and asked if I knew different fellows from Chico, most of whom went to some other college. You might think this would make them friendly and put them in the buying mood, but I guess the price was too high, or they knew all the facts they needed.

By the end of the week I was down to a dollar and eighty cents and owed my landlady ten dollars, so I put the Book of Facts in my package carrier and started back down the valley. It was pretty plain by now that this wasn't the right kind of work for me.

There was a P. G. & E. hydroelectric plant going up on Deer Creek, about fifteen miles above Nevada City, and that's where I went. After I got into the hills I did as much walking as riding, and I slept out two nights under trees, and bought a loaf of bread and some cheese, and made it with fifteen cents left over.

When I presented myself in the office, Mr. Wilcox, the engineer in charge, said they didn't need any time keepers or clerks or even laborers, but they sure needed a man to manage their eating camp. The manager had got appendicitis the day before and was now in a hospital at Sacramento. It was the best-paying job around there, and he asked if I'd had any experience of that sort. I told him yes, that I'd managed an eating club of students at Stanford for two years and understood the work perfectly. That was stretching the truth. I had really only waited on table. But it was the only job he had.

"Young fellow, you've dropped from heaven," said Mr. Wilcox. "There are three hundred men to feed here. I'll take you over and introduce you to the Chinese cook. Don't let that chink put anything over on you."

The cook was a middle-aged man named Wong. While Mr. Wilcox was introducing us Wong didn't look at me; he just kept on stirring something. Then when we were alone he said, "Missa Harry, work go like I say, work go good. Work go like you say, work go to hell. You like work go to hell?"

"No," I said. I needed him more than he needed me.

He nodded.

"Work go like I say."

Next morning all the three hundred men had eggs for breakfast, and for the next five mornings eggs for breakfast. Then Mr. Wilcox said to me: "You've got to tell that Chink to stop feeding those fellows eggs every morning. Don't you lay out the menus every day?"

"I sure do," I said, "but Wong doesn't seem to understand them."

"He understands them all right," Mr. Wilcox said. "Those fellows praise him, behind your back, and he now thinks he's the chef at the Palace Hotel. The P. C. & E. is a big company, but it'll go broke feeding eggs every day to three hundred hunkies. You've got to cut that Chink down!"

I went in and told Wong he'd better not have eggs for breakfast all the time, because Mr. Wilcox didn't like it.

"You like work go to hell?" Wong asked.

We kept right on having eggs for breakfast.

That afternoon a special supply of freight was hauled in from Nevada City and dumped on the ground outside the eating camp—big cases of canned goods and heavy stuff like that. I asked somebody how they got that inside and he said. "You hire one of the laborers to truck it in for you."

After supper I went over to where some laborers were sitting around smoking, and asked if one of them wanted to truck that in, and nobody even moved. Then one fellow said, "Don't they teach college boys how to belly up to a packing case and walk away with it?"

Another one said: "How tall are you, bub?"

I said about six feet, I guessed.

"How much do you weigh?" he asked.

"Well, about a hundred and twenty pounds," I told him.

"It seems to me," he said, "a big bruiser like you ought to gallagher those boxes in there 'thout raising a sweat. Don't you think so, boys?"

They all said sure, and then one of them said, "Don't tell me, with all that college learning, you turned out to be nothing but a paper-collar dude!"

About that time another man came along and said he'd truck that stuff in for me. The other men all laughed. But he went ahead and did it.

Next day Mr. Wilcox asked if I knew I'd hired the highest-priced mechanic they had on the job—working at double time—to do a laborer's work. I told him I didn't know that until this minute. He looked at me a long time and then he said, "That Stanford eating club you manage: how does it get along?"

"Fine," I said. "Of course, the fellows all work together, you might say."

"You mean some of them (*Continued on page* 80)

WORK IS FAVORED FOR INJURED LIMBS: "A week with a hammer and saw will do more toward restoring an injured arm or hand then would months of baking and massage." This approach to rehabilitation was recommended by Dr. Samuel S. Sverdlik at the latest annual clinical conference of the Chicago Medical Society.

Emphasizing the need for getting the patient to use his muscles, Dr. Sverdlik, director of the Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, pointed out that rehabilitation and physical medicine require the active participation of the patient to insure success and that such an attitude can help restore to a fuller

life many individuals who would otherwise remain completely disabled and dependent.

Although a person may require special apparatus or appliances, his self-sufficiency may begin with mastering such a simple act as feeding himself or going to the bathroom. He should also be encouraged to do work geared to his capabilities and an occupation should be carefully considered in which the patient's disability will not be a block to his success.

NEW DISEASE ISN'T MEASLES: According to Delos Smith, Science Editor of the United Press, Boston has been proposed for another naming honor (it has already given its name to a dog, a fern, a bag and to baked beans). Pittsburgh wants to name a new disease after it. The disease's chief feature is a skin eruption resembling measles and German measles, yet quite different.

The proposal, by Dr. Franklin A. Neva of Harvard University and Dr. Jonas E. Salk's Virus Research Laboratory at the University of Pittsburgh, is that this be called "Boston Exanthema," exanthema being the medical word for rash. So far the disease has appeared in only two places—Boston and Pittsburgh. But since Boston had it first, Boston is entitled to name it.

It is likely to appear almost anywhere because it seems to be highly communicable by way of an "agent" whose existence has been proven but whose identity has not been well enough established as yet to be called a virus. This "agent" first appeared in Boston in 1951. Thirteen children and two adults contracted the disease in a short time and it was like an epidemic. They all had the strange rash along with fever; the youngsters had stomach aches, the adults headaches, chills and muscle aches. All recovered quite quickly and nobody was very sick.

Dr. Neva was put on the trail of the cause but the "epidemic" died out as quickly as it had appeared until it popped up again in Pittsburgh in 1954. Sixteen children and eight adults came down with a rash which wasn't measles or anything similar that was known. He got a grant from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and went to Pittsburgh where Dr. Salk's facilities were put at his disposal. Sure enough it was the same disease as that reported in Boston. But so far the cause and method of transmission is puzzling the researchers.

FOUND—A HANG-OVER COCKTAIL: For $1.50, you can get four tumblers of a product called Selson Cocktail, put out by the Orchard Products Company, 209 South Green Street, Chicago 7, Illinois. Selson Cocktail is a mixture of several juices and other mineral liquids that the manufacturer swears will provide quick relief for those who have imbibed too much. It is also recommended for those who want something to give relief from nervous tensions and fatigue, since it has natural B-complex masked in a lemon-apple fruit drink.

But we warn you—if you want to lose weight, this is not for you, as it stimulates the appetite.

OVER FOUR-AND-A-HALF MILLION PROBLEM DRINKERS: According to a recent editorial in the "American Medical Association Journal," the over 4,500,000 persons in the United States who are problem drinkers do not come mainly from the lower classes, as some suppose, but represent a cross section of the entire population. The characteristic they all have in common is that they cannot face failure even in little things; they tend to place the blame for their failure on others; they dream of a brighter future and use alcohol as a means of escaping from an intolerable present. They are usually good workers when sober, getting their satisfaction from a job well done rather than from any financial reward.

Few alcoholics realize how completely they lack the ability to face a life without alcohol. True alcoholism is compulsive and progressive and one is not an alcoholic whose overindulgence is temporary or occasional. In industry an alcoholic can be recognized by certain warning signs, such as increasing absenteeism, especially on Monday, the day after a holiday, or the day after payday; increasing involvement in accidents at work or at home, a change in

personality or a general lowering of efficiency.

Some large industrial firms, like the Consolidated Edison Company of New York City, realizing the advantages of salvaging trained employees, have established their own programs of helping alcoholics by emphasizing their need to be helped and creating in them a need to be helped.

The American Medical Association's editorial emphasizes that physicians should accept greater responsibility in treating such patients, hospitals could be more tolerant in accepting them for treatment and more instructions on their proper treatment should be given to residents, interns and nurses. Since the alcoholic does not voluntarily choose the road to ruin and as it becomes more evident that many alcoholics can be helped, the American Medical Association suggests that communities themselves should take the necessary steps to curtail the precentable losses associated with problem drinking.

MEN LEAD IN HOME ACCIDENTS: The stronger sex appears to be losing out in the battle for survival in the home, according to recent Metropolitan Life Insurance Company statistics. The survey reveals that more men than women suffer home accidents. In fact, the death rate due to such mishaps for men is from one and three-fourths to more than twice that for women. Only in the age bracket, sixty-five to seventy-four, are the rates nearly equal for both sexes.

Among these older persons, the accident toll reaches an incidence slightly above thirty-five per 100,000. The report, which covers the period from 1950 to 1954, pinpoints falls as the leading cause of fatal accidents among men, proving once again that men fall harder than women. The Metropolitan analysis dismisses the possibility that the do-it-yourself craze may be a major cause of accidents among men, since falls due to tumbling down stairs or tripping on steps chalk up the larger toll. Among younger males (fifteen to twenty-four) accidental discharge of firearms is cited as the principal home disaster. In every

other category of domestic mishap, from conflagrations to poisoning and drowning, men consistently run up a higher score than the opposite sex.

RITALIN IS A NEW STIMULANT AND ANTI-DEPRESSANT: A new product, which has been tested clinically on more than 2,000 psychiatric and non-psychiatric patients during a period of fifteen months, is now available with prescription under the name of Ritalin (methylphenidylacetate hydrochloride) and is described by Ciba Phermaceutical Products, Inc. of Summit, N. J. as a "mild cortical stimulant which counteracts oversedation, lassitude, depression and certain other side effects of barbiturates, antihistamines, chlorpromazine and rauwolfia derivatives."

Because no appreciable increase in blood pressure and pulse rate has been recorded in the use of Ritalin, it has also proved valuable in the treatment of patients with hypertension who have been previously treated by tranquilizing drugs alone.

Ciba emphasizes, however, that Ritalin should not be employed by those individuals desiring to increase their mental or physical capacities beyond physiological limits. The company's trials of the product have shown that although it stimulates the central nervous system, its degree of effect lies somewhere between the amphetamines and caffeine with side effects said to be even less than with these agents. In most cases therepeutic dosages of Ritalin do not produce excessive nervous stimulation, hyperexcitability or jitteriness and numerous studies have shown no adverse effect on blood, urine, liver and kidney functions.

SECOND COUSINS MAY MARRY: According to an unnamed consultant queried in the "Americal Medical Association Journal," it is not true that all cousins who marry will have defective children. It would be all right, he said, if the ancestry on both sides for three generations was sound physically, intellectually and emotionally. When asked if it would be wise for a girl to marry her second cousin—the grandson of her father's brother, authorities answered that the danger to any offspring of a marriage between cousins of sound ancestry would not be much greater than if the parents were unrelated. ■ ■

care what you feel like calling this person, but you'll have to say it in halfway respectable words."

The toper regarded him solemnly.

"Do you mean"—he waved a fat finger in dignified horror—"I can't call her a cheating little tramp?"

"Not over these wires, you can't," Slade said firmly.

The rummy sighed.

"Okay. Since man cannot bolster man, his marvels to perform, I'll write another. Gimme!"

He grasped the pencil and pad and hunched over behind the teletype machine, whence presently came sounds of intermittent composition.

Slade shrugged. Damned old soak, he's been in for the last three evenings, pulled the same line each time. He'd cogitate an hour or more over his little *billet doux*, if past deeds were any criterion, and then shuffle out without sending a wire. Well, every man to his fancy. He dismissed the lovelorn epithet coiner from his mind, and as he did so the lines of worry intensified on his forehead and between his clear brown eyes.

A WEEK ago Bob Slade would have considered himself a lucky man, all things considered. A steady job, money in the bank, a nice place in the suburbs—these were not to be sneezed at. And when, in addition, a fellow could go home at night to the best girl you could find anywhere. . . . Well, a week ago Slade would have considered himself fortunate indeed.

A lot can happen in a week, however. There had been that matter of his note. How easy it had seemed in the halycon boom days to send Mollie west that summer her lungs were getting ragged. Jocelyn at the First National had radiated smiles and co-operation. Just the formality of a small note, and as for renewals—his airy gesture had waved such subjects into the limbo of trifles.

Now, three years later, Jocelyn was older and didn't smile. When he did gesture with his thin right hand, the wave was as lacking in friendliness as in the sparkle of the flashing diamond which had previously adorned it.

"Sorry, Slade, but—well, you know the story. Stock collateral today is a frozen asset; we have altogether too much tied up already. You will have to meet your principal this trip or default."

Slade had stormed out of the bank, ragged after a day's work, and had carried his grievances with typical male cussedness into his home life.

What a damned fool he had made of himself! Mollie was a girl who'd get a wallop from Fate and come up smiling. He should have let her take it on the chin with him; together they would have found a way out, as they always had. Instead, he nursed this worry alone, finding petty solace in criticisms which hurt him as much as they did Mollie.

And Mollie had been hurt badly. She didn't say much; she wasn't that sort. Just took it in a surprised silence, for three days and nights and part of the fourth. But when Bob Slade came home that evening, a little sheepish, and with a two-pound box of her favorite candy under his arm, Mollie had gone. Where, he did not know. He did know, however, that without her to come home to at night, the daily grind was no longer a glorious adventure, that somehow he *had* to find her and square himself.

Such was the state of affairs this evening, when the worried manager dismissed the rummy from his mind and hunched in weary solitude over the long task of dispatching the late press flashes to the Boston dailies. It was tedious work at best; tonight it was unbearably dull.

Slade found it difficult to focus his mind on the mechanics of transmitting the seemingly interminable array of local politics and obituaries which optimistic local correspondents had padded with customary skill. With a determined effort he shut everything else from his mind.

AT FIRST it was hard; later, habit came to his aid and made it easier. So much easier that when at last he finished and blinked up at the clock near the light, he discovered with no surprise that not only had the rummy departed but a stranger was sitting on the edge of the counter, swinging one elegantly tailored leg in aimless arch, and watching him with a queer grimace that might have been a smile had any vestige of mirth backed it up.

Slade pushed his chair back, rose to his feet. As he did so, the stranger indolently followed his example.

"Closing time?" he remarked.

Slade nodded. The other man's eyes shifted to the dispatches which lay in the thin steel shelf of the teletype.

"Late press flashes, eh? Well, buddy"—his eyes surveyed the room in a swift glance—"I'll not keep you long. I just saw you sent a story to the Beacon Corporation about Parkin's oil test. I think you'd better wire Boston to hold it up for verification. It's wrong."

"Sorry, that's not my affair," Slade said. "And if I may ask, why is it yours? That's Roger Parkin's grief. He phoned it in."

"Hmm." The visitor moved and the light from the desk caught his features, threw them into sharp relief. He had a curious manner of articulating from between lean lips that barely moved. For a moment the dark eyes roved boldly through and around the telegraph operator, then he spoke.

"I get you. Your job is to shoot these spiels out as is. Yeah, but—" he moved a few paces closer—"supposin' I had papers in my pocket here that'd prove you was wrong. Would you do your friend Parkin a favor, and mebbe yourself?"

Slade scratched his head. "That's a new one." He hesitated. "I might stop the wire if Parkin pulled a boner. He's a friend of mine—yes. Let's see those papers."

The other man smiled. "Ah, now you're talking sense. I think I can show you you're right." He fumbled in his breast pocket, drew out a sealed envelope, threw it on the table. Bob picked

ADVENTURE MAGAZINE

"Now see here, Miss Culver . . . I just gave you a raise last month."

it up, broke the seal, and gasped. The message contained not one note but an even twenty. They were penned by Uncle Sam, and their denominations were one hundred dollars each. Slade felt red anger suddenly lash through him. And as suddenly terror merged with that anger. Even as his face turned white with fury, the other man had withdrawn a pace, braced his legs apart, and pointed significantly to a bulge in the right pocket of his overcoat.

Something in the sight of that little protruding bulge caused a sick sensation to grab at his midsection. He stared.

The visitor grunted in satisfaction.

"Wise of you—very wise," he observed. "Now"—he made a menacing little movement of his coat flap— lock that door, punk, an' hop to it. Jump—"

The visitor watched the bewildered manager click the latch. Then he motioned him to the desk so that the two men were screened by an overhanging chart from the street.

"Sit down," he snarled.

Slade obeyed.

"Wise guy, you had a chance for some easy dough." He sneered. "Now maybe somebody else'll spend that money." Then he started. "Say, damn you, how long before that message will be delivered? Spill it straight!"

Slade grinned. "About five minutes, maybe less—and, by God, you can't stop it if you cut me in little pieces!"

Cruel lines etched themselves on the gunman's face. He leaned forward. "No, I can t, smart guy. But you will, or that baby-faced dame of yours'll do a lot of more yelling than she's doing right now. I'll see to that personally!"

As Slade stared incredulously the other man leaped forward, slapped his palm across Slade's cheek like the crack of a gun.

"Jump, stupid! Here—"

He tossed a rumpled ball of cloth across Slade's lap. It was Mollie's handkerchief, part of the set he had given her on her birthday, with her neat M. S. worked in the corner. The color drained from his face.

"Yah, now play ball fast, feller. I'd hate to leave any girl of mine with the gorilla who's got her now."

LIKE a man in a daze, Slade moved to the teletype. Three bells. "Bos okay." His fingers formed the familiar code on the keys dumbly, automatically. Mollie—his Mollie—frightened. A prisoner! She had stayed by him. He might have known she would! One bell.

"G. A. Eastern. How's biz—" The tape clicked in brief jerks. That would be Al Sault high up over Congress Street in Boston; he always tagged snatches of wisecracks at the end of his code. Mollie must be crazy with terror even now! Slade hunched over the keys.

"Hold wire from Parkin's oil for confirmation. Hold Parkin's wire. Verify and repeat."

Something cold prodded into the nape of his neck as he waited. The other man leaned over him to watch the tape.

"It better be right, bo, or—"

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The machine clicked and both men watched tensely. "Eastern okay—Eastern okay. Parkin's wire held up. You're slipping. Boston."

Slade sighed, relaxed; and just then something hit him, once, twice, behind the ear, and the lights and the machines and reality blazed into red stabbing flashes which kaleidoscoped swiftly into dark oblivion.

SLADE opened one eye with an effort. From the back of his skull sharp barbs of pain jabbed in agonizing rhythm to the periodic joltings of his body. He weakly attempted to explore the tender spot, but his arm refused to obey the sensory impulse. Queer, that!

He blinked both eyes, twisted his head with an effort. As if by magic, the forked pain disappeared into a dull ache. He was lying flat on his back in the rear of a touring car and his arms and legs were trussed in most workmanlike fashion. When he moved his head he saw a big shoe against which his chin persisted in bumping. After a series of trying acrobatics with his eye sockets, he managed to extend his informal acquaintance with the owner of the said brogan to a point some four feet higher, whence the fitful glow of a cigar threw brief flashes of visibility on a face he had never seen before. While he watched, the cigar disappeared to the side and the man with the cigar spoke.

"Hey, Terry. This boy's beginning to move."

Slade promptly quit further exploratory endeavors.

A voice from the front seat shouted back, "Never mind that. If he gets funny, kick him on the button."

After that, they rode along in silence for a while, broken only by occasional squeal of the brakes or the night wind roaring a gusty intermittent obligato to the purr of the powerful motor.

Suddenly, just about the time Slade had begun to get used to the box toe against which his jaw nestled, the said toe was rudely snatched from underneath his head. At the same moment the less comfortable heel of the same shoe plopped him beside the ear, as his unknown companion whirled around to look behind him down the road.

"What the hell, Terry! Either I'm getting jumpy or there's a car on our heels."

"We'll soon see," Terry grunted, and the engine's indolent rhythm reached a sharp, whining crescendo.

For perhaps a mile this mad sprint lasted. Then, from behind them somewhere in the blackness, came a steady hum which gradually grew in intensity. The man over Slade swore, and the first pale flicker of the other car's headlights bathed Terry's lean countenance in faint, dancing flashes as he whipped his head around for a split-second survey of the pursuing car.

Down on the floor, jouncing among greasy tools and malodorous tubes, Slade felt his pulse quicken. The thing began to assume more and more the aspect of a weird nightmare. No one would miss him. No one at home would give the alarm if he failed to put in an appearance. No one but Mollie. And Mollie was God knew where—perhaps dead. He shivered, and the night air seemed to lash into his numbed limbs with a chill, sinister menace.

The man above him crouched tensely, feet braced against the back of the front seat. The flapping brim of his light hat, bellying away from his eyes by the steady pull of the wind, gave his squat face a ludicrous, foreshortened look.

THE man snarled and ducked his head. At the same instant, from the black, whirling skies above came a jerky uneven series of staccato pops and one metallic ping. Terry reached for the switch, and the lights of the car blotted into a black smear which merged into the darkness.

From the front Terry laughed harshly. "They're crying for it, Al. Let 'em have it!"

The brakes squealed resentfully and the pursued car veered sidewise. Above Bob's head came a rapid *rat-a-tat* as the leg muscles braced across his line of vision vibrated with the volley. For perhaps ten seconds the erratic intermezzo of leaden hail barked into the night, and then was silent.

In the pregnant seconds which followed, Slade heard the man above him snarl, "A short trip to hell to yuh, sucker!" And then the car in which Slade was lying swerved crazily off the smooth macadam and lurched to a stop, even as something hurtled past them and crashed with sickening speed into a sudden blazing pyre.

The squat man and Terry jumped from the car and their heavy footsteps crunched toward the distant blaze. Slade strained every aching sinew to gain a sitting position, but the knots had been drawn with cruel force, and the effort netted him only lacerations. As he eased his tortured frame to the floor again, the footsteps broke into the roar of the flames. This time they were slower, jerkier and as they drew closer they were punctuated with gasps as though Terry and his playmates were bearing a heavy burden.

The voices engaged in loud dispute. "Tossed twenty feet outa the car. Dead, I guess. Why the devil can't we toss him in the bonfire?" One of them remonstrated between stentorian wheezes. Another voice, Terry's, cut in with chill finality.

"I'm doing the thinking here, my friend. Chuck him in the car—we may be able to get the lowdown on this little party. If he comes to, he'll talk."

The crunching noise was right under his face now, and Slade had a confused flash of something blotting out the flames and the stars a fraction of a second before a heavy, limp weight crashed full on his chest and ricocheted hollowly against the floor beside him.

The two men leaped into the front seat. Slade could sense rather than hear the power whip the wheels beneath him into fury as the powerful car, still minus lights, plunged into the vast ebony night.

What followed was the most hideous nightmare Slade had ever experienced. The limp form of the other prisoner half-crushed him as it slithered crazily back and forth within the narrow confines. Once the movement of the car brought the unconscious man's head in contact with Slade's hand, and when the head had jolted away again something warm and sticky ran between his fingers.

He had a sudden panicky desire to call to Terry, beg him to take this moribund offshoot of the night away before he went mad. Then reason returned. After all, this man, if dead he was, had probably died in a gallant attempt to rescue him. Besides, Slade had a sudden premonition that the less attention he called to himself the better. For the men in the front seat were talking.

A third individual, whom they designated as "the boss," seemed to occupy a prominent place in their colloquy. He was with Mollie somewhere, and there seemed to be some conflict of opinion as to whether he, Slade, should be bumped off before "the boss" could see him.

They talked over the matter of Slade's demise loudly and in great detail. It all seemed to hinge on the idea that maybe "the boss" might raise hell if Slade saw him. On the other hand, they agreed that no time should be lost in getting to the hideaway.

At length Terry compromised grandly with his more truculent companion, who seemed to lean toward macabre ideas anent dead men offering no complications.

"Leave him," Terry had ruled. "The boss may want to question him first. We gotta pull this off right. Afterward—" he said something which the wind and the night blotted out, and his companion grunted with satisfaction.

SOMEHOW, Slade was glad he didn't hear that unfinished sentence. He felt his tongue go dry around the roots. Whatever happened, he was to die. Why, he had no idea. Nor had they, probably; it was merely the effective if somewhat hackneyed means by which men of Terry's ilk rid themselves of useless impediments. Either that, or "the boss" was someone whom Slade knew and would recognize!

Not pleasant, this line of reasoning. He was so completely powerless; for a thin interval he almost wished he were the crushed and battered thing which rode beside him. The thing had horrible wet hands, too. One finger brushed the nape of his neck, and he ducked his head away with a shudder. As the car lurched, the hand seemed to follow him with malicious perversity, to grope along his head, and weakly, lightly tap that same spot just above his collar. He broke out in a cold sweat.

As he did so, some tiny corner of his mind seemed striving to tell him that somewhere, somehow, he had gone through part of this ghastly game of hide-and-seek before, only it hadn't been terrible then, only monotonous. It was crazy, yet the idea persisted. Suddenly he knew. The fingers were tapping Morse code!

Nowadays, of course, teletype machines have in most offices superseded the old code method of transmission, but in tank towns the old method is still employed. Slade had served his appren-

SEA-WRAITHS

When the mists creep into Light Street
From the reaches of the Bay,
While the bell-buoys stir the darkness
And the fog-horns have their say,
As the tugs churn through the smother
With their throaty snorts and sneers
There are wraith-ships softly berthing
All along the shadowed piers.

Anchors drop into the waters
With no semblance of a splash;
Though the vessels bump the piling,
There is no resounding crash,
As the hawsers sag and tauten,
As on strangely silent feet
All the eager crews go faring
Out into the noisy street.

Though nobody hears their laughter,
They are jesting sailormen,
Turning from the crashing billows
To the ways of town again,
And, their pockets crammed with wages,
That they earned through many moons,
They are bent upon hell-raising
In the water-front saloons.

Roaring chanteys, as they swagger,
They are elbowing the bars,
While they wink at waiting wantons,
Who are fairer than the stars,
But the barkeeps yawn, unheeding
Ghostly sailors, ghostly gold,
While, despite their importunings,
All the girls are blind and cold.

When the mists are crowding Light Street,
All their luring hopes denied,
They come cursing through the shadows
Back to where the wraith-ships ride,
And with sighing like the whisper
Of the dead leaves on a tree,
They cast off and, disappearing,
Go to find the kindly sea.

Edgar Daniel Kramer

ticeship in one of those towns. Now, for the first time, he blessed that fact, strove to follow the wavering message which the sticky fingers tapped.

"Turn over—I'll loosen the knots."

Then the man could not be as badly hurt as the gunman had believed.

Slade managed to squirm his body part way around. The fingers left his neck, fumbled and tugged for an interminable period with the cords which bit into his wrists and ankles.

At last came the happy but excruciating agony of feeling to the numbed limbs. For a thrilling interval he clenched and unclenched his fingers, felt the blood force its path through starved veins. The fingers found his neck again.

"Shall we try a break now?"

Slade strove to move his own hands, found that he could not reach the other man, rotated his foot against the other's leg.

"They've got my wife somewhere," the foot spelled out, and there was a short interval.

Then: "Okay, I'm with you. Pull your arm free when the time comes."

At about that moment, the car, which had left the main road some time before, came to a halt. Terry's companion pulled Slade out upon the ground by one foot, and Slade felt himself being slung dizzily over a burly shoulder like an old sack.

They were deep in the woods somewhere, and yet from the blackness came the unmistakable tang of the salt sea. The Essex marshlands, probably. Certainly the hut which they were entering was of a piece with similar hunting camps which dotted that section of the North Shore.

Terry followed, bearing the other prisoner, whose eyes were closed and whose face, frescoed with black grease and blood, looked like a devil picture out of Poe. As the gruesome face bobbed limply over Terry's shoulder, though, Slade could just see one eye open warily, focus for an instant—and wink!

WITHIN the shack were a man and a girl. The girl was trussed like a mummy, and what had been her dress was ripped into grimy pennants which flopped loosely as she strained at her bonds, but the eyes were Mollie's. Slade could see them widen in horror as they found him, and then they closed, and her body went limp. He groaned. The poor kid, if he could only get free—once. He felt the knots loosen more as he strained.

The "boss' watched Mollie nervously. Slade stared. For he had played golf with that man, had drunk with him, gone to lodge in his car. It was Roger Parkin, general manager of the Beacon Oil Company. And the wire which Terry had forced him to stop had been signed by Parkin. It didn't seem to make sense, somehow. If Terry wanted the wire stopped, why should Parkin, who sent it, be sitting in on the deal?

Parkin wheeled on Terry now, and his pursy little face mirrored anxiety and vexation.

"You dumb ape!" he shouted. "Why in hell lid you bring that man here? He knows me!" His little eyes met those of Slade, and were swiftly averted.

Terry laughed. "And what if he does?" he snarled. "He ain't going any place—ever."

Parkin shivered. "God, man, that's too cold-blooded for me! I wish I never got into this mess."

Over Terry's face crept a subtle undercurrent of disgust and something more. He sneered: "Peel the hide off a big shot—you'll always find plenty yellow beneath." He wheeled around at the third man, who kept a diplomatic silence. "Well, you *are* in this mess, pal—in for the pay-off. This smart guy and his jane have got to die."

Parkin spread his hands helplessly. Then he turned away. "All right, but get this horrible business over. I can't stand any more."

In the dingy half light of the far corner, the other prisoner sprawled helplessly. As the men argued, however, the form seemed to move ever so slightly. Slade blinked; watched steadily. Yes, with an infinitesimal series of barely discernible evolutions, the body *had* hunched an inch along the rough boards. Then another, and all the time his mouth hung slack in a startling parody of death.

Slade felt the pulse of suspense tighten about his throat. It was mad. A single betraying gesture would bring the pack snarling at their throats. Then he saw what the other man was trying to do.

About a foot from an outflung, blood-stained hand the light socket protruded from the wall. One foot—and it might as well have been a mile. For Terry's restless scrutiny had stopped abruptly, suspiciously, at the sight of a twitching hand which had not relaxed quite soon enough. He squinted, strode softly across the room.

Slade started to leap; then he stiffened. Better to divert Terry's attention for a moment from that stealthy parade. He cleared his throat.

"Hey, Terry!" The three men started, and Terry looked annoyed. "Let Mollie go. I'll tear you apart if I ever get my hands free." He shuffled his feet, felt the rope fall free behind him.

Terry sprang around with a snarl, and as he did so the room was plunged into darkness. Slade, purely by instinct, rolled directly toward the center of the room. He felt a heavy foot stumble across his whirling hips and a man trip over him and fall with a grunt on the spot he had just vacated.

A split second afterward Terry's gun belched, and behind him a man screamed horribly. Terry's gun thudded to the floor as Slade got to his feet, and suddenly there came a sharp crack, as though a dry twig had snapped in the woods.

Then Terry screamed. Slade ran in the general direction of the light socket, careened heavily against a wiry form, which recoiled with a sound that was part grunt and part sob. Then the other man was upon him with knees and claw-

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ing hands, gouging and tearing like a maddened animal.

Slade felt the exquisite joy of action blot out the pain. Momentarily he expected to die, and wondered vaguely when and in what manner. Death would come soon, but this was the present. And for the present, he must strike and break this yelling thing that kept him from Mollie's side.

He felt the blood pour down his battered lower lip, and not until later did he know that it was *his* blood. He knew only that his hands, which had been numbed for so long, were squeezing, were tearing into something that writhed and swelled beneath his fingers.

Then he knew that the blows which rained in his face slackened, wavered, and ceased. And finally, that the other man was being held upright by the sole medium of his, Slade's, fingers which encircled his throat. Slowly, as though awakening from a nightmare, he loosed his grasp, and the body slid to the floor with a hollow clunk.

Slade ran to the light socket, and no one molested him as he sought and found the cord. He pressed the prongs home, and sudden radiance bathed the room.

The place was a shambles. Over where he had been lying, sprawled the body of Terry's erstwhile playmate, eminently and adequately perforated by the multiple leaden death hail which had been intended for himself. In the center of the room lay Roger Parkin, his face a blue, swollen mask, through which his blue tongue protruded. Around his neck were red weals with the shape of human fingers.

In the far corner, near Mollie, was a whimpering creature whose right elbow, bizarrely askew, bent at an angle at which no elbow was designed to bend. Beside him, kneeling as though protecting Mollie from the inferno, was the other man. He turned his head as Slade reached his side, and his white teeth showed through the blood and the grease.

"Your wife s okay," he said, and for the second time that night Slade lost all interest in things.

WITH dogged stubbornness Slade climbed back a painful uphill road to consciousness. It was getting to be a habit, this awakening to the purr of a motor, and the sweep of the wind. Every muscle in his body ached, and he had a foolish desire to blubber.

Then he became aware of two soft arms which pillowed his racked head from the bumps, and a husky voice, on which one swell girl held all copyrights, was whispering in his ear that everything was all right, and the reward money for Terry would square the note business, and he wasn't to move, and what did he mean by daring to think she would ever have left him of her own accord, and it was all her fault anyway.

A few minutes later he sat up and began to take an interest in things. They *were* returning over the Essex road, in Terry's car, only the man who guided the wheel wasn't Terry, but a decidedly battered individual whose face was vaguely familiar. The man turned, and Slade recognized the erstwhile corpse, minus the gore and the blank expression and the sticky fingers. Detective Wallace Austin, he introduced himself, and he proceeded to explain away a lot of things.

"You see," Austin explained, above the sweep of the wind, "Parkin's outfit was a subsidiary of the Rolph Oil interests, and had been a sort of white elephant on their hands for years. And so, when out of a clear sky another combine offered Rolph two million dollars for the said Parkin's outfit, Old Man Rolph lost no time in arranging a conference to close the deal. That conference is scheduled for tomorrow.

"But, being naturally of the belief that something smelled funny, Rolph had a decided yen to find out why anyone would be sucker enough to pay good money for Parkin's little parcel of red ink, and he sent me down to Eastern for the lowdown. To make a long story short, I got it." Austin smiled.

"And that wire they made me hold up—"

"That wire," said Austin, "was to Old Man Rolph from Parkin, as you may recall. It stated that their research department had just discovered a new refining process which would just about revolutionize the industry, that Parkin's subsidiary would shift overnight from a liability to a decided asset."

Slade grunted. "I guess I'm dumb, sir. If Parkin sent the wire, why was he in league with Terry, who had it stopped?"

"It's almost incredible," admitted Austin, "yet true. Parkin, you see, was playing both ends against the middle. He was crooked, but he was careful. He had been promised a high executive job by the purchasers if the sale went through; but if anything should go sour, he wanted to be cleared. Don't you see— if things began to get hot; he *had* tried to warn his company of the new developments, only someone, namely Bob Slade, had held up the wire."

SLADE shivered. "I get you. And Slade wasn't here to tell about Terry stopping him."

"Right the first time." Austin laughed. "This Bob Slade wasn't going to tell his side of the story. In fact, I don't think it was in their plans to have Bob Slade seen or heard of after this fine evening. Not alive."

For a moment or two Slade gave his complete attention to Mollie, who was in need of mental bolstering. Then he turned once more in his seat.

"Say," he demanded, "all this is very fine, but for God's sake, enlighten a poor layman on this point and I'll go to sleep. How in hell did you get the dope on me and Terry? How could you have heard of Terry's proposition. No one was in the office but me and—" He broke off and stared.

Austin smiled. "You should know me by this time, Slade. I've hung around your place plenty this past week. I'll see if I can refresh your memory a bit."

He stopped the car under an arc light, drapped his form over the wheel as though he had suddenly felt the effects of wassail and plenty of it. As he did so, the firm muscles which ridged his lean cheeks softened suddenly, miraculously into loose flabbiness, and his voice rose to a plaintive whiskey whine.

"Yeah," he said, "I gotta a dame in Wash-Washington. Jush lil' pep talk over the wiresh, I wanna send her—so she'll stay home and be a good girl."

The rummy! Of course! Never in his life had Slade felt less like laughing and more like praying, but the hysterical impulse was stronger than mere volition. He was still roaring when the first lights of Eastern hove into view across the Beverly Bridge. ■ ■

"That isn't necessary. I know the way back!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

appear in the record. But the Washington papers (which circulated freely within the Confederate lines) had made much of the capture of the hat, and mentioned that it had been presented by Colonel Broadhead to General Pope. And Jeb Stuart's vanity was sorely wounded.

His plan for a raid to Pope's rear was sound from a military point of view and General Lee approved it. So, with the brigades of Fitz Lee and Beverly Robertson, and a two-gun section of the Stuart Horse Artillery under Captain John Pelham, Stuart rode upstream to Waterloo Bridge and crossed the Rappahannock. The next day he turned his troops southeast toward Catlett's Station, close to Pope's headquarters. A heavy rain was falling and Stuart remarked later that it was the darkest night he had ever known.

As they approached the Federal camp, the point of the advance guard picked up a Negro teamster, who said he knew Stuart. He said he was trying to get back home, but offered to lead Stuart's people to Pope's headquarters.

Colonel W. H. F. "Rooney" Lee, (General Lee's son), who commanded the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, was designated to rush the headquarters camp. Rosser and Brien, commanding respectively the Fifth and First Virginia Cavalry, were to rush the adjoining camps. Colonel Wickham, with a detail from the Fourth Virginia, and Captain Blackford, the staff engineer, were to destroy the railroad trestle over Cedar Run. Beverly Robertson's brigade was the general reserve, and was stationed a mile or so from the camp.

Stuart and his personal staff, riding with Rooney Lee and his regiment, rushed the headquarters camp, yelling and shooting. The attack was a complete surprise. Stuart, with Lee and members of his staff, rushed into the big headquarters tent and found a quartermaster major sitting at a table; literally stunned with surprise.

"Good evening, Major," Stuart said. "Where is General Pope?"

The major looked at the group of officers and troopers with drawn pistols who formed a semi-circle behind Stuart.

"Who—who are you, sir?" he asked.

Stuart laughed, his golden, infectious laughter.

"Why, I am James E. B. Stuart, Major," he replied. "Some people call me Jeb. John Pope knows me as 'Beauty' perhaps. We're old friends, and I'm sure he will be glad to see me. Besides, he has my hat, and I want that hat!"

THE major bit his lips. "I'm afraid General Pope isn't here now, sir," he said. "He left several hours ago for Rappahannock Station, where he will spend the night."

One of Stuart's aides had gone into the rear part of the tent which was Pope's living quarters. He returned with an assistant adjutant general who hugged a dispatch box full of papers.

Another one of Stuart's aides brought out the full-dress uniform coat of a major general, heavy with gold braid and the two stars of a major general's rank.

"Why, that's General Pope's newest and finest dress coat!" the quartermaster major cried. "Surely you won't take that?"

"Well, Major," Stuart asked, "where is my hat? I know Colonel Broadhead gave it to General Pope, and I want it back!"

"General Pope sent the hat on to Washington as a present for President Lincoln," the major replied.

"Well, we'll take the coat along and send it to Richmond, to be displayed in a Broad Street shop window. And by the way, Major," Stuart enquired, "who are you, and what is your job here?"

"I am Major Goulding, sir, field quartermaster."

Another of Stuart's aides started to poke around under the table before which the major had been sitting when his unwelcome visitors arrived. An iron field safe was dragged out.

"Ah," the general exclaimed, "what have we here? Open it, please, Major Goulding."

Reluctantly, Major Goulding unlocked the safe, and Stuart's aide threw back the lid. It was full of money.

"Oh, my God!" Major Goulding cried as he sank into a chair. "That's the Army payroll! Half a million dollars in greenbacks, and twenty thousand more in gold. I'll never live this down."

"Hah!" Jeb Stuart exclaimed. "I said I'd make the Yankees pay dearly for my hat."

At that moment a fusillade of shots sounded from the lower camp.

"Finish up here, Rooney," Stuart said to Colonel Lee. "I'm going to see what's happening out yonder."

He left the tent, mounted his bay hunter, Skylark, and rode off to find Fitz Lee, who was getting his command into battle formation to face a Federal line which was forming a few hundred yards away.

"We've collected about three hundred prisoners," Fitz Lee reported. "Mostly high-ranking staff people, all very indignant and unhappy. And there are about a hundred wagons and a couple of hundred officers' chargers, with horse furniture and equipment. Did you find your hat, Beauty?"

"No. But we got a lot of other valuable stuff."

At that moment Captain Blackford's courier rode in with a message for Stuart to meet him beneath the railroad trestle that was to be blown up.

"I'm afraid we can't wreck it tonight, General," Blackford reported. "I have no explosives, and the trestle is too wet to burn."

Blackford had hardly finished his report when Beverly Robertson's courier rode up.

"General Robertson presents his compliments, sir, and the creeks are rising. He thinks the streams in our rear will be past fording soon, sir."

MEN PAST 40

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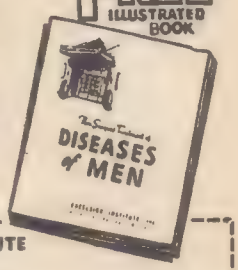

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Jeb Stuart sat his big bay hunter and made a quick estimate of the situation. He was deep within enemy lines, and by now the enemy was fully alerted and he had no way of knowing the strength which could be brought against him. Soon all the streams in his rear would be risen past fording, including the Rappahannock, sixty miles away.

"The Commanding General," Stuart wrote in his report to General Lee, "will, I am sure, appreciate how hard it was to desist from the undertaking [the attempt to destroy the trestle], but to anyone on the spot, there could be but one opinion —its impossibility. I gave it up."

Bugles sounded the recall, and the command assembled at the designated rendezvous with the captured personnel and material. It speaks volumes for Stuart's discipline and leadership that the command reached Warrenton about daybreak, with every prisoner, every captured wagon and animal. Of his 1,500 officers and men, Stuart reported the loss of four killed, one wounded and seven missing.

At Warrenton he examined the papers taken from Pope's assistant adjutant general. There were the latest returns, showing the strength of the Army of Virginia, and a schedule of reinforcements which were on the way to join Pope from McClellan's Army of the Potomac. There was correspondence from Halleck to Pope, and Pope's replies, setting forth the government's instructions to Pope, and Pope's detailed reports of his plans to carry out those instructions. Rarely in war has a general had more complete information of his enemy's strength and plans.

Stuart sent the papers on to General Lee by courier mounted on the fastest horse in the command.

And it might be added, rarely has a general made more effective use of military information than Robert E. Lee made of that furnished him by one of his ablest officers. Within a matter of hours, he had started Jackson on the march which was to encompass the critical destruction of Pope and his fine Army of Virginia, that series of marches and battles which history calls the Campaign of the Second Manassas. ■ ■

BLOOD ON THE SWORD CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Segura . . . "*El idolo de nuestra aficion*" . . . Gregorio Sanchez . . . "*La gran figura de la novilleria*" . . . Antonio Vera . . . "*La gran revelacion de la actual temporada*" . . . Rubbish! They said that about them all, and some of them these days didn't even know what a real bull looked like.

They had said the same things about him. But they had been right then, and he had proved them right when he took his *alternativa* in Madrid that Sunday. After that there had been money and women, champagne and adulation, blood and fear, happiness and sometimes despair, all rolled into one. Until one day he had stopped. No comebacks, no last performances, no great retirement fights. He was one of the few great matadors ever to retire.

Afterward he had bought a ranch and bred fighting bulls. He had everything he wanted, except the one thing he wanted more than anything else—a son.

The death of his wife, and the foot-and-mouth disease that had killed his bulls he did not think about any more. But there were times when the lack of a son made his loneliness hard to bear.

When he came back to live in Malaga they had begged him to teach at the Academy, pleaded with him as the greatest matador Spain had ever produced. But he had refused.

He turned out of Larios Street into the café, a thin upright old man, walking stiffly, wearing a neat gray suit and a black hat.

LURCHING and swaying crazily, the tram clattered into the Square. Even before it stopped, the boy, who had been perched insecurely on the rear buffer, slid nimbly to the ground and moved up the street. He was dressed in a faded blue shirt and ragged trousers. On his feet were white espadrilles. He was not very tall, about five-feet-five, with an olive-smooth complexion. He walked gracefully, picking his way through the morning strollers on the crowded pavement with the supple movements of a ballet dancer.

At the door of the Café Grenada he hesitated, looking round for a moment, and then he walked through the door and sat down at José Villar's table.

The old man smiled over his newspaper at the boy. It was not often, now, that young people recognized him.

"Good morning," he said. "Will you take a coffee with me?"

"Senor . . ." the boy began, a dark flush spreading over his brown face. "Senor, excuse me, I . . ." He stopped again, confused, groping for words.

Villar signalled to the waiter for another coffee, wondering that anyone could still feel shy and afraid in his presence.

"Are you not cold without a coat?" he asked, noticing the thin bare arms.

The boy shook his head, fretting with his fingers at the paper packet which wrapped his two lumps of sugar.

"Drink it while it is hot," Villar said, folding his paper and putting it aside.

The boy drank, and setting down the cup, seemed more at ease.

"What is your name?"

"Gregorio. Gregorio Mariscal."

"And how old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Are you still at school or do you work,"

"I work, senor. In a garage."

"Ah . . . they tell me it is a good business. Every day more and more automobiles. You should be happy there."

"Senor, I hate it."

"I see." Villar smiled to himself. He'd played this game often before. It still flattered him that they always came to him.

"Senor, I want . . ."

"I know. You want to be a torero. Is it not so?"

"More than anything." The boy's eyes were shining, his fingers picking at a paper serviette. "Senor, I wondered . . . I came to ask, perhaps . . . if it were possible . . ."

"No." The old man shook his head gently. "I cannot teach you. I do not teach."

Gregorio bowed his head. "I know," he half whispered, "But somehow I thought . . . I was not going to ask it for nothing. I have money saved."

"It is not the money."

"I'm sorry." He half rose to go. "Thank you."

José Villar put a hand on the boy's shoulder and pressed him back into the chair. "You must have another coffee. It is cold today. And then you must tell me about yourself." He did not want the boy to go like that.

OVER the second cup the old man sat silently smoking while Gregorio talked, nodding now and then, more to himself than the boy, his mind going back through the years. For what Gregorio was describing could have been his own youth: the poverty, his mother's blindness, the never-ending days when she walked slowly behind him, hand on his shoulder, shouting the numbers of the lottery tickets she sold. Later, riding on the buffers of trams to work, and always practicing, practicing, with an old shirt and pretended horns. For in among it all was woven the unbreakable thread of bullfighting, the deep love for the corrida, and the frustration of sitting every Sunday in the cheapest seats watching others in the ring.

When you wanted, as much as this boy, to feel the capé, the dry dusty warmth of the sand, the flirting nearness of death, then nothing was good enough in its place. José Villar remembered. But he had sworn to himself, and that was that.

The boy finished talking and sat staring at his thin brown hands as if exhausted by the effort.

Suddenly the old man reached forward and took one of the hands and pressed it to the inside of his right thigh.

"Feel," he said.

The boy's fingers slipped into the gouged furrow that ran down the length of the thigh to the knee, feeling the twisted scar tissue through the fabric of the trousers.

"From my last one."

Gregorio nodded. His dark eyes did not leave Villar's face.

"My wife was in Madrid that time. She was going to have a baby. She never liked me to go into the ring, at that time more than any other."

Villar paused, searching for the exact words, drawing squares on the white tablecloth with the coffee spoon. The thing had lain secret inside him for so long, it was difficult bringing it out.

"But Valencia. Who can afford to miss that fiesta, especially if they like you? And they liked me."

He paused again, sorting his thought. The boy was tense in his chair.

"My wife understood. She stayed in Madrid nursing the child inside her.

"This," he tapped his thigh, "I got on the last day. For a week they did not tell me that my wife had lost our son. I was almost dead as it was. It was the fright, you see, of hearing what had happened to me.

"The doctors said we could never have another child. It was then that I swore never to go into the ring again—to fight, to kill, even to teach—never again."

Somehow the telling of it seemed to help. He felt happier than he had for a long time. He smiled at Gregorio.

"I understand now, senor," Gregorio said softly. "You must forgive me for asking you. I am sorry. It was stupid of me."

"No, no, don't be upset. These are only an old man's ghosts. I should not have bored you with them. Living alone you do not get the chance to talk. And perhaps old age makes one garrulous."

Villar rose stiffly from his seat. "You are going to the corrida?"

"Yes, senor. I never miss one."

"Nor I," he smiled again, "my ticket is free. Afterwards you must take more coffee with me. I should like to hear what you think of it."

"Thank you."

The old man patted his shoulder. "Adios."

JOSE VILLAR sat in his seat at the barrera pulling his overcoat round him against the cold. The corrida was almost over, two more bulls to die. The old man would have left long ago had he not remembered his arrangement, for this corrida was very bad. It seemed to him that he had not seen a good corrida for a very long time.

At the back of his tongue lay the bile-bitter taste of the bad bullfight: the messy killing, the murderous picing and the ineffectual, cowardly work with the cape. The crowd whistled its displeasure. He sank further into his coat.

It was the second-last bull and the novillero was working it with the muleta. Suddenly, without warning, a figure in a faded blue shirt, clutching a square of red flannel, jumped the barrera and ran across the ring shouting at the bull. Instantly the crowd was on its feet roaring, an electric thrill flicking from one spectator to the next.

The bull's attention was caught by the flapping red square and it turned away from the novillero and plunged at the boy. It was Gregorio.

Villar's stomach turned over. He put his hands over his eyes not wanting to see the broken body of the boy flung onto the sand. What was he trying to prove? Oh God, why couldn't he wait? Why couldn't he wait? He felt a sickening sense of guilt at the thought that if he had not refused the boy that morning this would not have happened.

The first "olé" from the crowd snapped the old man's hands from his face. For Gregorio was still on his feet, exultant. The novillero and the peones were trying to cape the bull away from him, but Gregorio had fixed the bull on his make-shift muleta and was standing, feet together, body arched, taking the bull along his side so that no daylight showed between them.

The roar from the crowd was continuous, even the peones and the novilleros stood like statues, watching the exhibition. An emotion that had not been in his body for years lifted José Villar to his feet, his knuckles pressing white on the wood in front of him. This was not just Gregorio he was seeing in the ring. It was perfection, it was that ultimate inherent perfection that is the justification of bullfighting.

The old man felt the years roll away. This could be a Belmonte, a Joselito. It could be himself.

Gregorio took the bull past him in eight perfect *naturals*, his feet, the left slightly ahead of the right, never moving, his body flowing with the movement of the bull, bringing it past and round him again and again until his shirt was red in front from the blood on the bull's shoulders.

At each pass the "olés" thundered into the windy air, and even the old man's lips were silently moving.

It was the fault of the wind. Gregorio had passed the bull four times next to his chest and was kneeling in front of it as it came at him again. But a little flurry of wind took the cape and flicked it lightly at the boy's body. The bull hooked. The crowd heard the thud. Gregorio, arms and legs flailing, went up over the horns and landed on the sand. Instantly the bull turned on him, hacking and smashing at the inert body. But the peones were round the bull now, flapping their capes in its face, drawing it away from the boy to the other side of the ring.

They lifted Gregorio gently and carried him to where the first-aid men were waiting to take him to the sanatorium.

The old man stood, his lips still moving, the suddenness of the accident leaving him numb. Then turning, he raced up the steps to the exit, the ache of his wounds forgotten.

THE sanatorium of a bullring is a dim, sad place. It is a place where hopes and aspirations end. A small room with remote white-washed walls and the lonely island of the thin white bed. Even

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the Madonna standing in her niche in the wall cannot relieve the sadness.

Gregorio lay still in the bed. The surgeons had opened the wound in his thigh, gently removing the splinters of horn and cleaning it against gangrene. They had cleaned and bound the long angry cut under his left armpit, and pumped him full of morphia. That was all they could do, the rest was up to him. There were no relatives in the room praying under the Madonna, for the boy had none. He was quite alone, except for José Villar, who sat in a chair at the head of the bed, patiently waiting.

It was a long wait. For twenty hours the old man waited. He sat in the stillness listening to the slight breathing from the bed, and thinking. In twenty hours a man can go over his life incident by incident, shuffle it, re-shuffle it, cut it open and look at it, and then make the summing up. And what Villar saw of the last ten years he did not like. For ten years, he told himself, he had been simply waiting to die, living a sham in an ivory tower. And the stupid oath he had taken. Anyone can take an oath when they are badly wounded and then believe, really believe, that there is justification for it. It was nonsense, too easy.

The hard part would have been to go on fighting, to go on with one's life. Many people lose their children. Many can never have children. It is tragic, yes, but life does not stop.

Villar stretched forward and took one of the thin brown hands on the white coverlet. He held it for a long time trying to send his strength through his finger tips into the boy. Having found something he did not want to lose it.

He must have dozed in his chair for when he woke Gregorio was looking at him; their hands were still clasped.

The old man smiled. "Buenas dias," he said, "You have slept for a long time. Does it hurt still?"

The boy shook his head, his eyes cloudy from the drug.

"In two weeks," Villar said, "you will be walking. In three, running. I know."

Gregorio nodded. "It's nothing," he said slowly. "That wind. I forgot to rub the cloth in the sand. Much too light."

"The wind is always bad."

The boy tried to sit up on one elbow but the effort was too much and he sank back on the pillow.

"I wanted to show you," he said, "I thought, maybe, if you saw . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know. You must not talk too much. Better that you sleep."

Gregorio turned toward him, hesitating before he spoke. "How was I?"

For a long time Villar did not answer. Then he asked: "Do you still want to fight?"

The boy forced himself up on the pillow. His face was white and strained. "More than anything," he said. "More than anything."

The old man pushed him back gently. He was still holding his hand.

"I'll teach you," he said. ■ ■

THE RECKLESS ONES CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Americans pass through the "White Hart" in the course of the year. Like the residents, they are usually scientists or literary men, and some distinguished names have been recorded in the visitors' book that Drew keeps behind the bar. Sometimes the newcomers arrive under their own power, diffidently introducing themselves as soon as they have the opportunity. (There was the time when a shy Nobel Prize winner sat unrecognized in a corner for an hour before he plucked up enough courage to say who he was.) Others arrive with letters of introduction, and not a few are escorted in by regular customers and then thrown to the wolves.

PROFESSOR Hinckelberg glided up one night in a vast Cadillac he'd borrowed from the fleet in Grosvenor Square. Heaven only knows how he had managed to insinuate it through the side streets that lead to the "White Hart," but amazingly enough all the fenders seemed intact. He was a large lean man, with that Henry Ford - Wilbur Wright kind of face that usually goes with the slow, taciturn speech of the sun-tanned pioneer. It didn't in Professor Hinckelberg's case. He could talk like an L.P. record on a seventy-eight turntable. In about ten seconds we'd discovered that he was a zoologist on leave of absence from a North Virginia college, that he was attached to the Office of Naval Research on some project to do with plankton, that he was tickled pink with London and even liked English beer, that he'd heard about us through a letter in "Science" but couldn't believe we were true, that Stevenson was okay, but if the Democrats wanted to get back they'd better import Winston, that he'd like to know what the heck was wrong with all our telephone callboxes and could he retrieve the small fortune in coppers of which they had mulcted him, that there seemed to be a lot of empty glasses around and how about filling them up, boys?

On the whole the Professor's shock-tactics were well received, but when he made a momentary pause for breath I thought to myself. *Harry'd better look out. This guy can talk rings round him.* I glanced at Purvis, who was only a few feet away from me, and saw that his lips were pursed into a slight frown. I sat back luxuriously and awaited results.

As it was a fairly busy evening, it was quite some time before Professor Hinckelberg had been introduced to everybody. Harry, usually so forward at meeting celebrities, seemed to be keeping out of the way. But eventually he was cornered by Arthur Vincent, who acts as informal club secretary and makes sure that everyone signs the visitors' book.

"I'm sure you and Harry will have a lot to talk about" said Arthur, in a burst of innocent enthusiasm. "You're both scientists, aren't you? And Harry's had some most extraordinary things happen to him. Tell the Professor about the time you found that U 235 in your letterbox. . . ."

"I don't think," said Harry, a trifle too hastily, "that Professor—ah—Hinckelberg wants to listen to my little adventures. I'm sure he must have a lot to tell *us*."

I've puzzled my head about that reply a good deal since then. It wasn't in character. Usually, with an opening like this, Purvis was up and away. Perhaps he was sizing up the enemy, waiting for the Professor to make the first mistake, and then swooping in for the kill. If that was the explanation, he'd misjudged his man. He never had a chance, for Professor Hinckelberg made a jet-assisted take-off and was immediately in full flight.

"Odd you should mention that," he said. "I've just been dealing with a most remarkable case. It's one of these things that can't be written up as a proper scientific paper, and this seems a good time to get it off my chest. I can't often do that, because of this darned security—but so far no-one's gotten round to classifying Dr. Grinnell's experiments, so I'll talk about them while I can."

Grinnell, it seemed, was one of the many scientists trying to interpret the behavior of the nervous system in terms of electrical circuits. He had started, as Grey Walter, Shannon and others had done, by making models that could reproduce the simpler actions of living creatures. His greatest success in this direction had been a mechanical cat that could chase mice and could land on its feet when dropped from a height. Very quickly, however, he had branched off in another direction owing to his discovery of what he called "neural induction." This was, to simplify it greatly, nothing less than a method of actually *controlling* the behaviour of animals.

IT HAD been known for years that all the processes that take place in the mind are accompanied by the production of minute electric currents, and for a long time it has been possible to record these complex fluctuations—though their exact interpretation is still unknown. Grinnell had not attempted the intricate task of analysis; what he had done was a good deal simpler, though its achievement was still complicated enough. He had attached his recording devices to various animals, and had thus been able to build up a small library, if one could call it that, of the electrical impulses associated with their behaviour. One pattern of voltages might correspond to a movement to the right, another with traveling in a circle, another with complete stillness, and so on. That was an interesting enough achievement, but Grinnell had not stopped there. By "playing back" the impulses he had recorded, he could com-

pel his subjects to repeat their previous actions—whether they wanted to or not.

That such a thing might be possible in theory almost any neurologist would admit, but few would have believed that it could be done in practice owing to the enormous complexity of the nervous system. And it was true that Grinnell's first experiments were carried out on very low forms of life, with relatively simple responses.

I SAW only one of his experiments, said Hinckelberg. "There was a slug crawling on a horizontal piece of glass, and half a dozen tiny wires led from it to a control panel which Grinnell was operating. There were two dials—that was all—and by suitable adjustments he could make the slug move in any direction. To a layman, it would have seemed a trivial experiment, but I realised that it might have tremendous implications. I remember telling Grinnell that I hoped his device could never be applied to human beings. I'd been reading Orwell's '1984' and I could imagine what Big Brother would do with this gadget.

"Then, being a busy man, I forgot all about the matter for a year. By the end of that time, it seems, Grinnell had improved his apparatus considerably and had worked up to more complicated organisms, though for technical reasons he had restricted himself to invertebrates. He had now built up a substantial store of 'orders' which he could then play back to his subjects. You might think it surprising that such diverse creatures as worms, snails, insects, crustaceans and so on should be able to respond to the same electrical commands, but apparently that was the case.

"If it had not been for Dr. Jackson, Grinnell would probably have stayed working away in the lab for the rest of his life, moving steadily up the animal kingdom. Jackson was a very remarkable man—I'm sure you must have seen some of his films. In many circles he was regarded as a publicity-hunter rather than a real scientist, and academic circles were suspicious of him because he had far too many interests. He'd led expeditions into the Gobi Desert, up the Amazon, and had even made a raid on the Antarctic. From each of these trips he had returned with a best-selling book and a few miles of Kodachrome. And despite reports to the contrary, I believe he *had* obtained some valuable scientific results, even if they were slightly incidental.

"I don't know how Jackson got to hear of Grinnell's work, or how he talked the other man into co-operating. He could be very persuasive, and probably dangled vast appropriations before Grinnell's eyes—for he was the sort of man who could get the ear of the trustees. Whatever happened, from that moment Grinnell became mysteriously secretive. All we knew was that he was building a much larger version of his apparatus, incorporating all the latest refinements. When challenged, he would squirm nervously and say, 'We're going big-game hunting.'

"The preparations took another year, and I expect that Jackson—who was always a hustler—must have been mighty impatient by the end of that time. But at last everything was ready. Grinnell and all his mysterious boxes vanished in the general direction of Africa.

"*That* was Jackson's work. I suppose he didn't want any premature publicity, which was understandable enough when you consider the somewhat fantastic nature of the expedition. According to the hints with which he had—as we later discovered—carefully misled us all, he hoped to get some really remarkable pictures of animals in their wild state, using Grinnell's apparatus. I found this rather hard to swallow, unless Grinnell had somehow succeeded in linking his device to a radio transmitter. It didn't seem likely that he'd be able to attach his wires and electrodes to a charging elephant . . .

"They'd thought of that, of course, and the answer seems obvious now. Sea water is a good conductor. They weren't going to Africa at all, but were heading out into the Atlantic. But they hadn't lied to us. They were after big game, all right. The biggest game there is . . .

"We'd never have known what happened if their radio operator hadn't been chatting to an amateur friend over in the States. From his commentary it's possible to guess the sequence of events. Jackson's ship—it was only a small yacht, bought up cheaply and converted for the expedition—was lying-to not far from the Equator off the west coast of Africa, and over the deepest part of the Atlantic. Grinnell was angling: his electrodes had been lowered into the abyss, while Jackson waited impatiently with his camera.

"They waited a week before they had a catch. By that time, tempers must have been rather frayed. Then, one afternoon on a perfectly calm day, Grinnell's meters started to jump. Something was caught in the sphere of influence of the electrodes.

"Slowly, they drew up the cable. Until now, the rest of the crew must have thought them mad, but everyone must have shared their excitement as the catch rose up through all those thousands of feet of darkness until it broke surface. Who can blame the radio operator if, despite Jackson's orders, he felt an urgent need to talk things over with a friend back on the safety of dry land?

I WON'T attempt to describe what they saw, because a master has done it before me. Soon after the report came in, I turned up my copy of 'Moby Dick' and re-read the passage; I can still quote it from memory and don't suppose I'll ever forget it. This is how it goes, more or less:

"'A vast pulpy mass, furlongs in length, of a glancing cream-color, lay floating on the water, innumerable long arms radiating from its centre, curling and twisting like a nest of anacondas, as if blindly to catch at any hapless object within reach.'

"Yes: Grinnell and Jackson had been

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after the largest and most mysterious of all living creatures—the giant squid. Largest? Almost certainly: *Bathyteuthis* may grow up to a hundred feet in length. He's not as heavy as the sperm whales who dine upon him, but he's a match for them in sheer size.

"So here they were, with this monstrous beast that no human being had ever before seen under such ideal conditions. It seems that Grinnell was calmly putting it through its paces while Jackson ecstatically shot off yards of film. There was no danger, though it was twice the size of their boat. To Grinnell, it was just another mollusc that he could control like a puppet by means of his knobs and dials. When he had finished, he would let it return to its normal depths and it could swim away again, though it would probably have a bit of a hangover.

"What one wouldn't give to get hold of that film! Altogether apart from its scientific interest, it would be worth a fortune in Hollywood. You must admit that Jackson knew what he was doing: he'd seen the limitations of Grinnell's apparatus and put it to its most effective use. What happened next was not his fault."

Professor Hinckelberg sighed and took a deep draught of beer, as if to gather strength for the finale of his tale.

"No, if anyone is to blame it's Grinnell. Or, I should say, it *was* Grinnell, poor chap. Perhaps he was so excited that he overlooked a precaution he would undoubtedly have taken in the lab. How otherwise can you account for the fact that he didn't have a spare fuse when the one in the power supply blew out?

"And you can't really blame *Bathyteuthis,* either. Wouldn't *you* have been a little annoyed to be pushed about like this? And when the orders suddenly ceased and you were your own master again, you'd take steps to see it remained that way. I sometimes wonder, though, if Jackson stayed filming to the very end . . ." ■ ■

SKID ROW—THE STREET WHERE ANYTHING GOES CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

one need in common—women. And women John Pennell could provide.

A half-dozen weeks later Pennell *was* providing. In a clapboard shanty just south of Yesler's mill, coppery Indian maidens danced with Seattle bachelors to the music of an imported three-piece band, tossed down Pennell's rotgut whiskey with abandon, and, for Pennell's asking price, led the Seattle men into tiny rooms off the main hall for a half-hour tussle on a cornstalk mattress.

No longer were these Indian girls clad in their tribal garb, with mud-stained faces, and traditional combed-in-urine pigtails. Pennell now owned them outright (a tribal chief had swapped the maidens for blankets) and he had them bathing regularly, dressing in calico, and dripping with cheap perfume. Like any good salesman, Pennell knew how to package his merchandise, and the Seattle bucks flocked to "The Madhouse" for their first relaxation in months.

Thus Skid Row was born. For Pennell's brothel was just south of Yesler Way, the downhill *skid road* which loggers used in sliding timber to the mill. North of this road, Seattle's fine homes began to go up, the better shops appeared, and life flourished with gentility.

But on Pennell's side of the skid road, his kind flourished. There were faro games and logger's shanties . . . watered-down booze mixed with oil or ether . . . fortune tellers, phrenologists, herb doctors and patent-medicine men . . . opium dens, boxhouse theaters, and bawdy houses . . . and the "House of all Nations" and "The Longest Bar in the World."

All this was what Seattle came to call the "Skid Road," a term bequeathed in its aborted form to the skid rows of broken-down tenement and red-light districts in cities around the world.

Society, of course, has declared an eternal war on skid row everywhere, and for more than a century Seattle has been a blazing battleground in the struggle.

When Pennell imported his Indian whores, for instance, Seattle's society countered. They agreed with Pennell that the city needed women but they wanted *good* women, and they went to the other end of the country to get them.

The president of the local university, twenty-two-year-old Asa Mercer, was the courier. With the governor's blessing and a sizeable bounty, Mercer sailed for Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1864 where he silver-tongued eleven virgins into returning with him to the West as possible wives for the respectable founding fathers of Seattle. Assisted by two steamers, a train, a bark, a brig, and a sloop, Mercer and his virtuous short-dozen returned; and immediately another and larger buying trip was planned.

By this time, Mercer was charging $300 a virgin and contemplated a cargo of 500. But John Pennell could have warned Mercer about the perils of flesh-trading.

On his second trip, Mercer ran into a bad press in the East. No less a publisher than James Gordon Bennett authored newspaper editorials warning young women that the men behind Mercer were diseased, and that the girls themselves would be sold on the white-slave block. Government offers of ships for the "immigration" collapsed after President Lincoln was assassinated and his administration replaced. Mercer lost a few of his precious cargo to San Francisco swains during an enforced stopover. In short, the final re-entry of Mercer and his *good* women into Seattle was hardly a triumphal one.

On the dock stood several hundred men, "looking like grizzlies in store clothes and their hair slicked down like sea otters." Each had paid $300 and had waited almost a year for a bride. Aboard was a very frightened Mr. Mercer and a mere forty-six nervous maidens, ten of them widows. Surprisingly enough, the disappointed swains on shore did not summarily string Mercer up when the sad, sad, totals were announced.

Some, of course, got the brides they had purchased. The rest of Seattle's good citizens resignedly backslid, taking over John Pennell's bawdy house for one of the wildest nights in its raucous history.

"After all," they rationalized to one another, "it isn't so bad at Pennell's any more. John has gotten rid of the red girls and is now bringing in white women from the Barbary Coast."

Several years later, Pennell had departed to new womenless frontiers. And in the first of hundreds of Skid Road clean-ups, Seattle society had closed "The Madhouse." However, the demise of this venerable institution was hardly noticed along the south side of Yesler Way, for dozens of dimly lit, laughter-filled houses now catered to the drunken demands of the north-woods lumberjacks, the Japan-bound clipper-ship sailors, and the sweaty railroad workers who were beating a hob-nailed path across the continent to Seattle.

But by the end of the seventies, this same society apparently had learned to live with most of the fleshpots along Skid Road. It could not readily ignore the crime menace brewing in the clapboard shanties to the south. The almost nightly crackle of pistol fire was a reminder of the sluggings, thievery, and murder going on.

For a brief, fiery moment, the righteous wrath of the respectable citizens flared

against the sin section of Seattle in mob rule.

On a winter night in 1882 the fuse ignited. It began with an ordinary businessman on his way home from work, and the chilling command "Reach!" as two footpads stepped before him. In the split second that he clawed for his pistol, the bandits gunned him down and escaped into Skid Road. Within a matter of minutes, the victim, George Reynolds was dead. But not before he had gaspingly indicated that his killers had fled south of Yesler Way. Alarm bells sounded. With torch, lynch rope and shotguns across their arms, Seattle's vigilantes began a brutal search of the wharf and the Skid Road area

Shouting in animal triumph, they hauled two frightened, shaking hoodlums from a haystack. Their fear condemned the pair. Ropes were quickly wound around their necks, and the mob was thirsting for their kicking, twisting dance of strangulation when Seattle's sheriff burst upon the scene and, at pistol point, took legal custody of the prisoners.

A DAY later in the cookhouse of Yesler's mill, a preliminary hearing was held. The justice of the peace was about to remand the culprits to custody for formal trial when hobnailed boots rattled the plank floors of the shanty. A bearded, bitter band of solid Seattle citizens pinioned the guards' arms and hustled the sobbing, kicking prisoners off to a pair of maple trees bearing a lumber cross-bar between two forks. The hemp whistled over the bar, and the unlucky two soon twitched their last, just as the sheriff broke free and tried to cut them down.

That night the lights in Skid Road flickered and quickly went out. Many a "Frisco Lillie" box rustler, cashbox-toting faro banker, funman and pink-cuffed pimp slipped quietly out of the limits of Skid Road and Seattle itself before the rising, vengeful conscience of the mobs. The hot ire of the forces of society's law and order had singed Skid Road. But only singed it.

Skid Road was more than merely singed in 1889 when the most disastrous fire in Seattle history burned the ramshackle town virtually to the ground. The blaze reduced twenty-five city blocks to a charred skeleton wiping out the town's finest stores, as well as its most infamous gambling halls and brothels.

It started in a cabinet shop and spread rapidly. By nightfall the entire city glowed blood-red. The dull boom of blasting rocketed off the hillsides as buildings in the path of the flames were dynamited. The pop of pistol fire answered the blasts; police were firing at the more vicious denizens of Skid Road who were looting through the ruins.

The staccatto rattle of more small-arms cartridges betrayed the illegal weapons and ammunition which Skid Road hoodlums had secreted in their burning shanties. Minor explosions and geysers of flame spat upward whenever a barrel of high-proof Skid Road bootleg booze was touched off in the blaze.

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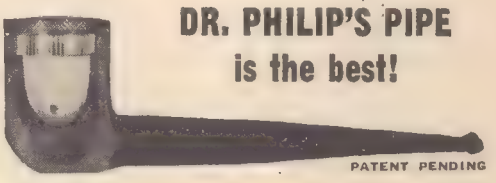

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And through all this, the painted harlots, mustached bartenders and dandified pimps of Skid Road worked side by side with the lawyers, doctors and preachers who formed the society of Seattle. Good and bad brushed away their differing codes to unite in a fight to save the city.

Not that Skid Road actually closed down completely, even at the height of the blaze. One saloonkeeper rolled almost a hundred barrels of expensive whiskey into the Sound to save his precious liquid from the fire. He recovered only two. A number of his beneficiaries eventually enjoyed both the spectacle of the fire and his whiskey from a safe vantage point, downing a good portion of the booze in a flame-lit bacchanal.

Elsewhere, Skid Road's painted women bedded down with whomever they could, many stirring up new trade around the race track where the Seattle refugees had set up camp.

Seattle and Skid Road were both a charred ruin by the cold light of morning. The city was, of course, determined to rebuild, and rebuild it did. Brick, stone and cast-iron-front buildings replaced the clapboard shanties. Many a society woman was heard happily to declare during this ambitious and proud reconstruction period that, "At least the fire did Seattle some good; it rid us forever of that awful Skid Road section."

THE truth: Even before the ashes were cold, Skid Road was on its feet and raking in its ill-gotten gains. In tents, and even under the open skies, the girls and the gamblers worked with a "business-as-usual-during-alterations" approach. It took Seattle's stores something like four months to reopen after the blaze, but by that time many a gambler and procuror had been in business long enough to make a small fortune.

Most important, however, with the building of a new Seattle, the fire alliance of society and Skid Road was once more ruptured and the good people of the community were again at the throats of those in the slums. It took along time, but finally the forces of virtue began to make headway.

By 1910, Skid Road influence controlled even Seattle's city hall. The mayor was Hiram Gill, a "wide-open-town" candidate, a skinny tinhorn lawyer who traditionally sported a white string tie and acted as a mouthpiece for almost every punk along Skid Road. In his younger days, it was invariably expected that he would turn up in night court to represent a drunken harlot, bail out a murderer, or defend a gambler who'd been caught with a stacked deck.

As mayor of Seattle, Gill had much to watch over, but Skid Road knew that Gill had one eye cocked toward the continued business success of their street. And its success, in everything from faro to the world's oldest profession, flourished.

Gill's chief of police was Charles Wappenstein. Charlie had a keen analytical mind, but he seldom devoted it to legal deduction. Instead, he toyed with figures. He saw to it that every brothel keeper along the Road paid him ten dollars a month per harlot in order to remain open.

Wappenstein thought big, as well. Not content with the revenue from the 500 women currently employed, he sponsored new palaces of pleasure. In a short time, the hundred-bed Midway and the similarly-sized Palace echoed to the notes of a beat-up piano, the tinkle of ice in glasses, and the sound of sweaty exertion and excited laughter behind closed doors.

"Honest Kate's" was pointed to as a place where no vulgar word was ever spoken, and the madam had a standing offer of free medical care for any man who claimed his dose came from one of her girls. Another spot, anticipating a golden age, spent more than $200,000 in plush and tapestry. Small wonder that Skid Road inhabitants slyly began calling their village "Wappyville" in honor of its new civic leader.

But Wappenstein's ambition went too far, and when he toppled, he clawed Skid Road down with him. The misstep involved his attempt to build a modern, new, red-light district on Seattle's Beacon Hill. The grafting police chief and his henchmen formed a corporation, leased land from the city, including the private use of a number of municipal roads, and began work on a 500-room brothel.

This was too much. Seattle's society attacked sin street again.

Their weapon was recall, the little-used political device by which citizens can petition for cessation of the terms of their elected officers, forcing the politicians to stand for election once again.

The second campaign for election was vicious. Churchmen and the press violently attacked Skid Road. The citizens along sin street were just as forceful in their support of the city administration which had kept Seattle wide open.

ON Election day, dainty suffragettes (answering the call of an incongruous poster which urged, "Women, get out and hustle") and genteel bluebloods haughtily cast their votes to depose the Skid Road politicians. Down in the fourth Ward, Yesler Way harlots voted just as determinedly to keep the grafters in, and business as usual.

Finally, the results were announced. Society had won. The sin street's lights were dimmed, and Wappenstein and his cohorts eventually went to the penitentiary. Most important, Seattle's police took a new look at Skid Road. Patrolmen began collecting *evidence* instead of *graft*.

Then came the exodus from Skid Road. On a single train, more than 200 of the city's painted women left Yesler Way. Many men gathered at the depot to see them off on their journey to red-light districts from Fairbanks to 'Frisco. Some girls blew kisses at their favorites and shook hands demurely with city elders whom they knew in every way but by name.

The train whistle shrieked. Then, with a jerk, the cars lumbered slowly from the station while a flutter of cheaply perfumed silken handkerchiefs waved farewell to Skid Road.

The sin street was all but closed. Later, during World War I, when bluejackets began returning from Skid Road with everything from broken heads to venereal disease, Navy authorities declared it "out of bounds." And during World War II, when the Navy and aircraft industry booms hit Seattle, there could be little doubt that everything from a hot card game to some cool moonshine was still available. But today Seattle's city fathers will tell you that Skid Road is closed down tight, and perhaps they are right.

Tomorrow? Well, that's another story. Skid Road folk are tough and they bounce back fast. Whatever their fate, they've passed a legend into the English language. Their Skid Road, the century's street of sin, has become in our language Skid Row—America's universal term for the avenues of broken dreams which dot every big city from coast to coast. ■ ■

" You're asking *me* to choose a husband?"

a man. In the fierce light, Okkeh could see where the bullet struck. If it hit where it ought to, Okkeh would drop the target, just as a man shot through the head would drop.

Meanwhile, the speed of ascent of the remaining figures would be increased, as though they were running to aid the little one in the gray robe. At them, Mustafa must fire four remaining shots.

Mustafa had practiced this daily for more than three weeks. At first he had done poorly, and had suffered the consequences; el-Ayyubbi was a cruel man with a whip. Lately, he had improved. The last three times, he had made almost a perfect score and had been rewarded with a dream pill and just now by a glimpse of his promised love. This time—

The gray figure was at the top step. Mustafa stepped out, fired. The figure fell. Steadily Mustafa squeezed off the remaining shots in the revolver at the khaki shapes which rushed up at him.

"Four hits," said Abed Okkeh into the sudden silence. "Besides the first, which was dead center."

A PERFECT score! Excitement hammered at Mustafa's temples. He was dimly aware that el-Ayyubbi was embracing him, was bidding him welcome to the Brotherhood of Jihad Mukadess, the Sacred Struggle. His mind, which had room for but one thought at a time, had already left el-Ayyubbi. He was thinking of the lovely woman he had won.

"Ahmed! Ahmed el-Ayyubbi!" Someone was running across the floor, bleating excitedly. "His Excellency is here, asking for you."

"I come," said el-Ayyubbi. "You also, Mustafa."

The man who paced impatiently in the overfurnished room at the front of the house spoke sharply as Ayyubbi entered.

"Are you ready? There's no more time to be lost!"

"Just ready, praise be to Allah!" answered Ayyubbi, with a quick glance at Mustafa. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"There was this business in Amman last night," the other said.

Something in his voice, a tone of one accustomed to command, reached into Mustafa's clouded mind and riveted his attention on this stranger, a tallish man, wearing clothes of English cut and a red tarboosh.

Mustafa, to his dim astonishment, found himself seated at a table with the others. Zakaria Okkeh brought in coffee.

"I have heard, and all Jerusalem is ringing with the news," Ayyubbi said. "No loose ends, I trust?"

"None," the stranger answered. He sipped his coffee, went on: "The two dispensers of justice have both passed to their reward. I was afraid of the Syrian, but the other was one of ours. He turned his weapon on the escort as he had been—"

His voice dropped to a whisper, and Ayyubbi smiled slightly, flicking another quick glance in Mustafa's direction. Mustafa didn't understand at all, but he was glowing with pleasure at being accepted in such company. There was something about being a Brother of the Sacred Struggle, after all!

"What was done was well done," the stranger continued. "We had sure information that Riad Bey had been won over by the King, or bought over. He was ready to sell his country to the Jews and his soul to Shaitan. Therefore, he had to die."

"May his example be heeded in higher places," murmured el-Ayyubbi.

"When did that rash and wicked man ever give heed to threats?" was the fierce reply. "The death of Riad has had the oposite effect, I have just had word from a reliable source that tonight Abdullah summons the Jewish emissaries once more to the summer palace at El Shune. He prepares his final stroke—therefore the need for haste."

A low rumble of hate ran round the table. The Okkeh brothers fingered their weapons.

El-Ayyubbi raised his eyes to the ceiling. "How long, O Allah, how long must we suffer this tyrant?" he grated.

"Not long, if the avenging blade is well whetted," snapped the stranger. "Three days hence, he again attends noonday prayer at El Aqsa. Last time we were forewarned, but were not ready. This time—"

He was looking at Mustafa.

"This time, if Allah wills—" murmured el-Ayyubbi. His voice trailed off again into inaudible murmurs.

"Say no more, Ahmed," the stranger broke in. He laid a hand on Mustafa's shoulder. "To look into the face of this noble youth is to know he is ready for his high destiny. I shall report to the Chosen of Allah that the work is in safe hands."

He patted Mustafa's shoulder and smiled into his eyes.

Mustafa wriggled with delight. He wanted to say something, to tell this great *effendi* who treated him so kindly that he was ready to do anything to prove his devotion, but the words would not come.

THE stranger was on his feet, moving toward the door. Ayyubbi trotted beside him, whispering. The Okkeh brothers trailed behind.

Outside, a newsboy hawked his wares. Through the window Mustafa could see the headlines in glaring Arabic characters: RIAD EL-SOLH, EX-PRIME MINISTER OF LEBANON, MURDERED ON ROAD TO AMMAN AIRPORT. He could see, but he learned nothing; he had never been taught to read.

Nor did he take note of the two men in khaki and red-and-white *kaffiyas* who lurked across the street in an arched doorway. Perhaps, had he heard one who wore chevrons on his arm whisper to the other, "Run now to District Police Headquarters and say that Moussa el-Husseini has just left the house of Ahmed el-Ayyubbi with the two Okkeh brothers, and that I follow them and will report later," he might have wondered why. As it was, he had no thoughts to spare for sergeants of the Arab Legion police.

The image of the wondrous stranger faded from his mind; the woman's took its place.

"Those Bedawi dogs," growled el-Ayyubbi, closing the door, "are nosing for

After assassination of Abdullah, all known terrorists were rounded up, questioned. Fresh outburst of violence intensified Arab-Israeli conflict.

Hearing death sentence for murder plot are (left to right) Abdel Farahat, Zakaria Okkeh, his brother, Abed Okkeh and Mousa el Husseini.

a scent. Allah blight their brains! Eh?"

Mustafa stood close beside him, panting a little.

A grin of understanding creased Ayyubbi's fat face. "Come, brother," he said, "and enjoy your foretaste of the joys of Paradise."

It did not occur to Mustafa that there was anything odd about the remark. The must-filled room into which el-Ayyubbi thrust him might have been Paradise itself for all Mustafa knew—or cared.

El Shune, the summer palace of the King of Jordan, July 20, 1951, 9:00 *a.m.*

"I am resolved," said the King.

A short, sturdy figure in gray robe and spotless white turban, he stood before the window which looked down on the tumbling waters of the Nimrim River.

"But, Your Majesty—" began the Councillor of State.

"No buts!" the King interrupted. "I have listened to too many buts these past three years. My plans are complete. There will be no more hesitation. I am going to make peace with the Jews. They have accepted my terms. There is no more to be said."

Above his jutting beard, the King's bright brown eyes, sparkling more brilliantly than the jewels of the dagger he wore at his girdle, flashed from one to the other of the two men who faced him, as though daring them to contradict him.

It was, as all men knew, a bold spirit indeed who would venture to argue with Abdullah ibn Husayn, King of the Hashemite Jordan Kingdom, when he spoke in that tone of final decision. The Councillor of State, grown white-haired in loyal service to the Hashemite House, inclined his head and was silent.

But the Minister said, "And Your Majesty's enemies?"

"Will accept what they cannot prevent," snapped the King. "Farouk will mutter, but he dares not move; his own position in Egypt is too weak. Ibn Saud will snarl, but he will do no more than he did in forty-eight against the Jews—exactly nothing that will endanger his oil revenues. Syria is in chaos. With my cousin in Baghdad I have an understanding. Moreover, I have my Arab Legion, the only army in the Arab world worthy of its salt. Who then will say no when Abdullah the son of Husayn says yes?"

"If these were all," murmured the Minister, "I should have less anxiety. But Your Majesty knows—"

"I know who sits at Cairo in his pink house and weaves plots," interrupted the King furiously. "I know whose emissaries are ever at work stirring up trouble in Jerusalem and in the refugee camps. I know who dares to call himself the Chosen of Allah. Bah! It was I who dismissed Haj Amin el-Husseini from his post as Mufti of Jerusalem, which he had too long disgraced. Let him and all his Husseini clan plot and stew as they like. I heed them not. Nor should you, my faithful friends."

"They work in darkness," said the Minister, "and they strike as the serpent strikes. Who hired the assassins that slew Riad Bey el-Solh four days ago in Your Majesty's own car? The police say that one at least of the killers was a man of the Jihad Mukkadess—the gang of assassins organized by the Mufti ten years ago to rid him of his political foes in Palestine. I implore Your Majesty to take heed of this warning. All your plans, all your hopes are based on the continued safety of your person. Without you, all collapses. Forgive me that I persist."

The King waved him to silence.

"Between friends there is no question of forgiving," the King said. "You are doing your duty as you see it. I must do mine. It is not a matter merely of peace with the Jews, or of the resumption of trade. It is the future—the future of the Arab people. They must be awakened. Their danger is not in Israel, but in the power of the Soviets.

"I say again as I have said before, the Arabs must rid themselves of their despotic rulers; they must join hands with the democracies in the struggle against Communism. The first step in that direction is peace on their own borders. Therefore I make peace, and by the beard of the Prophet, I enforce it, too, if I must! Today at the holy mosque of Aqsa I shall pray for the strength and wisdom—"

There came a sharp double knock at the door. A chamberlain entered, salaamed.

"Major Nadim Bey Rajib comes in haste from Jerusalem and craves audience," he announced.

The Minister and the Councillor of State exchanged anxious glances.

"Now what," growled the King, "can the Commandant of the Jerusalem Police District have to say to me which he could not present through the proper channels?"

"With submission, Majesty," begged the venerable Councillor, "I implore you to hear him."

"Very well," yielded the King, "but let him be quick. It is nearly time to be going, if we are to reach el Aqsa by the hour of noonday prayer."

THE chamberlain stood back, swinging the door farther open. Through it strode an erect, trim-mustached officer in the khaki of the Arab Legion. He halted midway of the splendid rug, spurs clicking and cloak a-swirl about his booted legs: his hand snapped up in salute.

"I bid you welcome, Nadim Bey," said the King, and waited.

"I come, Majesty," said the officer abruptly, "to beg Your Majesty not to go today to Jerusalem. Your coming is known; the bazaars and coffee-houses are buzzing with it. And there are evil whispers abroad—whispers of a plot against Your Majesty's life!"

"Am I to hide away from whispers?" snapped the King.

"Furthermore," Nadim Bey went on, "it is known that Moussa el-Husseini, the cousin of the former Mufti, receives messengers from Cairo. Also he has been seen at the house of Ahmed el-Ayyubbi, who calls himself a vegetable merchant but whose real character is otherwise; he consorts with the brothers Okkeh, who were terrorists in the Mufti's time. Give me leave to cleanse Jerusalem of these rascals, Majesty, before you venture your royal person within the walls."

"And stir up the hornets' nest without more reason than your fears?" scoffed the King. "So that misguided fools would riot in the streets and have to be shot down? No, Nadim Bey. Nor will I change my plans because of coffee-house mutterings. Are the cars ready?"

The chamberlain bowed assent.

"At least, Majesty," implored Nadim Bey, "permit me to order that the bodyguard shall keep close to you at all times while you are in Jerusalem."

The King shook his head, laughing a little. "An Arab King," he said, "must

walk alone and without fear among his people so that all who seek justice or aid may approach him freely. It is the tradition of my house. Let the bodyguard keep their distance as always. As for my life, it is in the hands of Allah, the Compassionate, the All-Knowing—on whom be peace!"

The King moved toward the door. The others could do nothing save follow their headstrong master. Five minutes later the royal motorcade was on the road to the Allenby Bridge, Jericho—and Jerusalem.

The King spoke but once during the journey, when his Cadillac came to the top of the last rise and he saw the sun glittering on the Dome of the Rock.

"Jerusalem!" he murmured. "A holy city to men of three great faiths. Yet there was an ancient chronicler who wrote of Jerusalem, 'Thou golden bowl of scorpions!' No doubt he was thinking of the people who live there. They have changed but little through the years."

'The Mosque of Aqsa, Jerusalem, July 20, 1951, 12 noon.

Mustafa Shuqri Ashu waited in the shadow of the pillared arches which look down upon the wide stone steps of the Aqsa Mosque and the courtyard below. These arches are called Al-Mizan, the Balances. Here on the Day of Judgment, it is written that the souls of all men will be weighed by Allah in giant scales hung beneath the arches, the souls of Kings as well as the souls of assassins.

Mustafa was not thinking of the Day of Judgment. He was hardly thinking at all. He was merely the instrument of those who had placed him there, as much a piece of controlled mechanism as the revolver in the pocket of his shabby brown jacket. He was there to do as he had been bidden, and he felt very sure of his reward.

There was a stir in the courtyard. Half-a-dozen smart troopers, cross-belted and spurred, took post just inside the gate. They were men of the Hashemite Regiment, the royal bodyguard of the King of Jordan. An officer strode through, his long cloak billowing behind him as he whirled and stiffened to salute.

Past him, returning the salute with military precision, moved a smallish gray-bearded man in a gray robe and white turban.

The King had come to make his noonday devotions at the Aqsa Mosque.

Mustafa's opaque, expressionless eyes fixed themselves upon the King and remained there, unwavering, seeing nothing else.

The King came straight across the courtyard toward the steps of the mosque, walking with his customary quick stride—and walking alone. Behind him, at the prescribed distance of twenty paces, the troopers of the bodyguard followed, while the Minister, the Councillor of State and others of the royal retinue—including several Arab Legion officers—walked a little apart.

Unhesitatingly, the King started up the steps of the mosque.

Mustafa's hashish-misted mind recognized the familiar picture: the gray-robed, white-turbaned figure which climbed toward him, followed by others in khaki and red-and-white headdresses. He knew what he had to do, a perfect score, and then—

The King set foot on the topmost step.

Mustafa slid the revolver from his pocket, stepped out from behind the pillar and fired straight into the King's face.

Abdullah ibn Husayn fell dead on the tiled pavement, a bullet through his brain.

Yelling with fury, the troopers of the bodyguard charged up the steps, firing as they came. Mustafa Shuqri Ashu stood calmly beside the body of his victim. He made no effort to escape. With steady hand, even while his own body jerked under the impact of avenging bullets, he fired the four shots remaining in his revolver at the oncoming troopers. Then he crumpled to the tiles.

Now the troopers were all about him, still pouring bullets into his bleeding body. Through them charged Major Nadim Bey Rajib, thrusting the maddened men aside, beating them back with fist and scabbarded sword.

"Back! Stand back and cease firing!" he roared. "We want that man alive!"

Too late he won his way to the bullet-riddled body, wrenched away the revolver which the dead hand still clutched.

"Watch out, Major!" cried Lieutenant Naji Zeid, the officer of the escort, himself bleeding from one of Mustafa's bullets. "The dog has another gun. See! His left hand's in his pocket."

Nadim Bey grabbed Mustafa's left wrist, pulled the hand out of the pocket. The fingers, even in death, were clasped tightly. They held no gun, merely a slip of paper. Roughly Nadim Bey forced them open. Together, while others crowded around, he and Naji Zeid read the words written in flowing Arabic script:

"Kill and be not afraid, for this day shalt thou lie with the *houris* of Paradise."

The eyes of the two officers met.

"There is but one man alive who presumes to dispense the favors of Allah with such assurance," snarled Nadim Bey through clenched teeth.

"Aye, and that man is—"

"No names here!" cut in the Minister in a tone of sharp anxiety.

The lieutenant choked off the words that were rising to his lips and nursed his shattered shoulder.

BUT a sergeant of the bodyguard, who had seen and heard, cried out in a rage that no discipline could restrain, "Then *I* will speak a name! The name of Haj Amin el-Husseini, who calls himself the Mufti of Jerusalem!"

He stepped his spurred heel on Mustafa's gun hand, lying limp on the tiles, and ground the dead flesh and bone into a crimson pulp.

"May Allah grant me," he prayed aloud, "that as I deal now with the hand that slew my lord the King, so one day I may deal with the brain behind that hand!"

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"You see!" grated the wounded lieutenant. "All men know the author of this murder."

Tears welled from his eyes and trickled down his bronzed cheeks as he stood erect, saluting with his unwounded arm as the men of the Bodyguard bore the dead King into the Mosque.

SO, on the third prayer day of the month of Shawal in the year of the Prophet 1370—which is to say July 20, 1951, by Christian reckoning—died Abdullah ibn Husayn, King of Jordan, the greatest Arab prince of his time and the only balance-wheel of the Arab world.

He was murdered because, had he lived, he would have made peace with Israel. To that end he had worked and planned for three years; he was on the threshold of success. Like Henry IV of France, whose "great design" might have brought peace to warring Europe—for a time, at least—he was killed by the enemies of peace. Like Henry, he was forewarned on the very morning of the murder-day, and he would not listen.

The hopes of peace died with him. He was the keystone; without his leadership and vast personal prestige, his great design, like Henry's collapsed in ruin.

Peace and the reopening of trade between Israel and Jordan would have shattered the Arab League at a moment when no other Arab power was able to take counteraction, while Soviet attention was fixed on Korea.

It would have set up a new grouping of Arab states under Hashemite influence, released the energies of the Israeli people into channels of commerce, industry and social progress, opened the way to relieve the sufferings of the Arab refugees.

Above all, it would have brought much of this area into close and increasingly confident co-operation with the West. For Abdullah was a friend of Britain and America, a sworn enemy of Communism. He had no love for Israel, but he saw clearly that the Soviet power was the true threat to all the Middle East—a threat far greater to the Arab future than Israel could ever be.

Therefore, those whose minds were closed to any hate save hate of Israel had sought his death—and accomplished it. Of course, Communist influence and money were involved, and the jealousy and spite of Farouk of Egypt and Ibn Saud of Arabia. But there can be no doubt that the moving spirit behind the assassination of King Abdullah was Haj Amin el-Husseini, ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, whose trained assassins are still the terrors of the Middle East.

With the King's death came a great silence. His enemies were satisfied. His friends feared for their own lives, for who was safe when a King had been struck down? His faithful Legion would not be denied vengeance on such of the plotters as they could lay hands upon.

Moussa el-Husseini, the two Okkeh brothers, and a man named Harahat, who had supplied the murder weapon, were tried before a military court in Amman and hanged. Moussa, the Mufti's cousin, confessed his guilt at the last moment.

Such of the evidence at the trial as was published was conclusive enough as to the guilt of the defendants, but it was not informative as to those who directed them. Reading it, one has the impression of watching pieces move on a spotlighted chessboard while the hands that move them remain unseen.

Ahmed el-Ayyubbi, ever prudent, fled to Cairo just before the murder and was granted asylum by King Farouk. He was condemned in absentia by the Legion court-martial, as was an ex-Legion officer named El Tel, an associate of the Mufti.

The Mufti's name did not figure in the evidence. He still sits in his pink palace at Cairo and weaves his blood-stained murder webs. Only recently his name was in the news dispatches again, as the instigator of the riots in Jordan which were sparked to prevent young King Husayn, Abdullah's grandson, from joining the Western-sponsored Baghdad Pact.

And in the Middle East the peace which King Abdullah might have brought into being in 1951 seems as far off as ever.

There is no word of what happened to the lovely woman whose charms had been used as bait in the murder plot. ■ ■

WHAT IS YOUR SEXUAL AGE? CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

numbers of histories that were obtained.

Findings like the above tend to indicate that most of us are not living the life spans or enjoying the potency Nature intended for us. This is disturbingly shown when we consider that the higher mammals live from five to seven times the number of years they utilize in attaining full maturity, whereas men live only about twice as long.

A dog, for instance, takes two years to attain maturity but lives from ten to fifteen years; a horse matures at five but may live to be thirty. By the same standard a man, who matures between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, should live 175 years. Hufeland, the great biologist, went further than that when he asserted, "man's organism is capable of living and functioning to the age of two hundred."

The fact that few of us even remotely approach this sort of performance, (which, by the way, is considered man's attainable life span by many authorities) indicates that, in most cases, something is seriously wrong. Probably much of it has to do with our artificial way of life, with its improper and unnatural diet, psychic tensions, excesses, lack of adequate fresh air and exercises, and so on.

There is also evidence that some of us are "born to die young" and lose our rigor prematurely. Many such attain sexual maturity at an abnormally early age, due to glandular abnormalities, and age and die with equal rapidity. A four-year-old boy in Texas was found to be producing sperm cells. A Michigan boy, aged only nine months, had genitals of adolescent development, a deep voice, and pubic hair. A Peruvian girl of five years and seven months bore a son weighing more than six pounds!

In general, abnormalities like these are due to malfunctionings of the thymus gland, which is located high in the chest and is sometimes referred to as the "sexual time clock." However, the entire endocrine system, including the pituitary which controls, among other functions, the production of sex hormones, affects the rate of sexual development, degree of potency, and rate of aging.

According to the great Russian biologist, Bogomolets, "abnormal sexual maturity in children, accompanied by an excessive influence of the sex glands, results in a rapid aging of the person." Thus we may use a crude yardstick—the earlier in life you are sexually potent, the earlier you lose potency and the sooner you die. Late sexual maturity at least offers encouraging hope of maximum years of sexual potency and a ripe old age.

The above brings us to a most important observation, that long life and prolonged sexuality are evidences of the endocrines functioning at their greatest efficiency. All should go together and constitute Nature's ideal.

Since human males vary so much in all these respects, it is difficult to strike averages concerning what might be termed the norm of sexual capacity at varying ages. Numerous studies have been made along these lines, including the following by Drs. Raymond Pearl and Lewis N. Terman, which, when compared, indicate the striking tendency of memory to exaggerate sexual performance.

Dr. Pearl asked a group of men sixty-five and older to recollect their sexual performance frequency in their earlier years. Their replies revealed more wishful thinking in retrospect than accuracy of

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fact. The averages were that, per month, they had intercourse 6.3 times between ages fifty and sixty, 9.1 times between ages forty and fifty, 12.9 times between ages thirty and forty, and 14.7 times between ages twenty and thirty.

By contrast, Dr. Terman chose men in varying age groups, and asked each group to state current frequency of intercourse. Those between fifty and sixty averaged 2.9 times per month, between forty and fifty, 4.1 times, between thirty and forty, 5 times, and between twenty and thirty, 6.3 times.

Frequency of intercourse is, of course, not an ideal means of arriving at true potency at varying ages, since many factors may limit frequency, such as marital discord, economic worries, and fear of prostitutes in the case of the unmarried.

The Kinsey study is by far the most comprehensive survey yet undertaken of male sexual activity in our society. It finds that, on the average, the maximum frequency of sexual "outlets" is found among teen-agers, and after that there is a steady but gradual decrease of activity.

Kinsey's study also provided valuable clues to average sexual decline in relation to age. It found, for example, that with advancing years there was a decrease in responsiveness to erotic stimuli, a lowering of the angle of the erect male organ, a reduction in the secretion of pre-coital mucus, a drop in the frequency of morning erections, a decrease in nocturnal emissions, and a steady lessening of the total variety of sexual outlets.

Since all the above are symptoms of sexual aging, they may be used as rough guides to the individual's own rate of sexual decline. Any serious deficiency or abrupt decrease in present over past performance might be considered as a warning to consult a physician, endocrinologist, or psychiatrist.

One of the most obvious of all warnings of man's sexual aging is the male climacteric or "change of life," which corresponds to the menopause in women. Until recently little was known about this phenomenon, and some authorities even denied that it occurred, since there was no spectacular change comparable to menopause in the female. It is marked by a sharp drop in production of male sex hormones, and generally occurs between ages forty-five and fifty-five. The age at onset of the climacteric, therefore, is another clue to true sexual age. If it occurs earlier than forty-five, the individual is aging more rapidly than the average, while if it comes after fifty and in particular after fifty-five, the reverse is true. If the symptoms are many and marked in the period from twenty to forty, there is cause for grave concern.

REDUCTION in potency and in some cases total impotence, accompanied by a decrease in sexual interest, are symptoms of the male climacteric. According to Dr. A. A. Werner, writing in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," 98.8 per cent of fifty-four men studied reported a decrease in potency, while 45.4 per cent stated that desire had decreased. On man lost all potency within a year.

Other symptoms include feelings of depression, nervousness, irritability, headaches, thoughts of suicide, futility, memory failures, poor concentration, and itching of the skin.

At any age, these may indicate a serious decline in production of male sex hormones, and rapid sexual aging. Administration of sex hormones, according to Dr. Werner, is often beneficial. Probably hormones, however, can do little to slow the march of old age.

It is possible for the endocrinologist, by checking the production of the various sex hormones such as testosterone and pregnenolone, to arrive at true sexual age. For example, according to Prados and Ruddich in the "Psychiatric Quarterly," production of testosterone increases progressively from the ages of ten to fourteen, reaching its highest level between twenty-two and twenty-five and maintaining this level for about ten years, thereafter declining gradually. This decline is most obvious and rapid between the ages of forty and fifty, and at the age of sixty production approaches that of prepuberty.

Again, you should bear in mind that these are averages in our modern, highly artificial society; there are many fortunate and unfortunate exceptions.

Since sexual aging closely parallels aging of the entire body, changes in body structures give clues to the rate of both sexual and overall aging. Some are easily checked by the individual himself. Others require elaborate techniques, such as the employment of radio-active injections into various organs and checks with a Geiger counter. A few of these follow:

As the body ages, the skin loses some of its power for rapid reconstruction of cuts and wounds. Thus it is possible to check the health of the skin by the length of time a superficial wound takes to heal. On the average, for a wound an inch long and deep enough to produce fairly free bleeding, the time should be:

At age seventy about 125 days; at age sixty about 100 days; at age fifty around seventy-five days; at age thirty, forty-one days; at age twenty, thirty-one days; at ages ten to twenty, twenty days.

These are norms. If you vary greatly from them you have a clue that, sexually and otherwise, you are aging too rapidly or are likely to live longer than most.

Or consider eyesight. The transparent lens of the eye is an unusual organ in that it has no blood vessels, and is nourished solely by the seepage of fluids through the tissues. Drying-out of the tissues, with consequent lessening of permeability and capacity to dissolve such substances as cholesterol and calcium salts, gradually causes hardening, opaqueness, and deterioration of vision.

Eyesight is at its best between the ages of ten and twenty. The reading range is then established. With gradual deterioration, the reading range alters. On the average, the desirability of wearing glasses that correct this alteration becomes apparent between ages forty and fifty. If your reading range alters greatly

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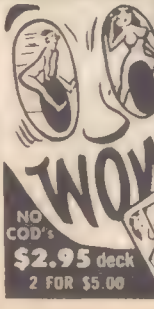

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before you reach the lower of these ages, your metabolism is abnormally low and you are growing old, sexually and otherwise, too rapidly.

THE rate of blood-flow also indicates the rate with which arteries are hardening. At twenty, blood makes a complete circuit of the arterial system in twenty seconds, at thirty in thirty seconds, at forty in forty seconds, and so on. The test for this requires injection of a radioactive substance into the bloodstream and "listening" with a Geiger counter at the point of injection. Obviously, if your chronological age is thirty-five but it takes your blood fifty seconds to complete the circuit, you might as well be fifty-five years old so far as the condition of your arteries are concerned.

Your heartbeat at birth may be as high as 120 to 140 pulsations a minute. By the time you reach adolescence it is down to eighty or so, and from about twenty on, it is around seventy. With prolonged aging, however, it gradually rises again, a sign of loss of efficiency. If your heartbeat is persistently above the low seventies and is slowly increasing, it's a sign that you may be growing old with abnormal rapidity.

Finally, with age comes a slowing in the rate of nitrogen elimination by the lungs. At fifteen, a little less than a pint is eliminated in around the same number of minutes. At sixty, it requires more than 200 minutes to perform the same job. Obviously, if your nitrogen turnover is slowing rapidly, you are growing old too fast. This, incidentally, is another radioactive test.

Thus it becomes obvious that there are many ways of arriving at "true" age as contrasted with calendar age. The above are averages; they are not concerned with extreme exceptions like Thomas Parr. Most of us should be fairly content if, in sexual activity and otherwise, we are close to the average, for we can be reasonably sure of at least the normal number of years of potency and the normal life-span.

The male who finds himself far below average for his age might try to ascertain what is wrong, for usually a great deal may be done for him and he may do a great deal for himself. Consider the effects of alcohol and tobacco, for instance, substances we seldom worry about as detrimental to sex-life and longevity.

More than 2,000 years ago Aristotle observed that the semen of alcoholics "becomes watery; too much drinking makes one very improper for the acts of Venus." Modern science upholds this opinion; chronic alcoholism leads to sexual indifference, impotence, early old age, and death. As Dr. Ferdinand Helwig notes, the neurotic who becomes an alcoholic is not concerned with sex.

Many studies have proven that smoking hastens the advent of sterility, impotence, general debility, and numerous specific diseases such as lung cancer. The heavy smoker definitely dies earlier than his non-smoking brother.

Similar studies of opium, morphine, heroin, and other drug addicts reveal early indifference to sex and loss of sex powers.

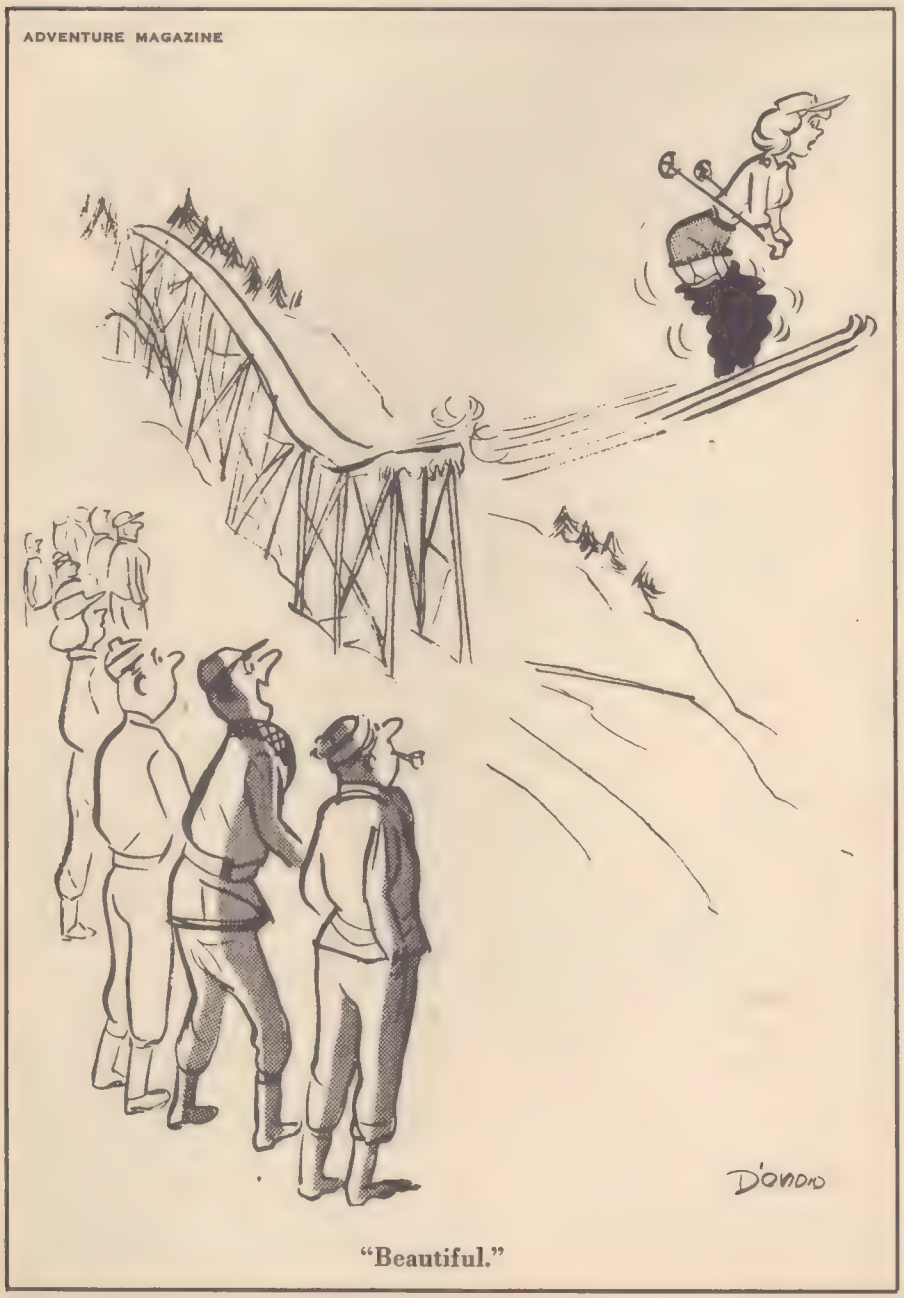
Obesity reduces sex capacity and life-expectancy by about a year of each pound of excess weight, according to numerous authorities.

If glandular or emotional disturbances have reduced your sex potential, competent professional treatment is indicated. Numerous ills such as tuberculosis, diabetes, anemia, the venereal diseases, and even mumps, can reduce or destroy sexual capacity and life itself. In all of these, similar care is indicated.

Finally, moderation in all things is of value, in increasing both sexual capacity and longevity. It has been observed, for example, that the best treatment for the sexually depleted male is to avoid physical and mental strain.

CICERO gives general advice that is as sound today as when it was written. After warning that, "A lewd and uncontrolled youth surrenders his weakened body to old age," he suggests cheerfully: "You should take care of your health, work a little, take in only as much food and drink as is necessary to keep up strength rather than stuffing yourself. You should take care not only of the requirements of the body but also of the mind and of the soul . . ."

By following such advice, every man can improve both his sexual powers and his life expectancy. He may not achieve the record of Thomas Parr, but he may exceed the life expectancy of the majority and add more proof to the theory of many geriatricians that today man is potentially capable of retaining his potency and vigour until his final years and of living 150 years or more. ■ ■



"Beautiful."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

some authorities and roundly denounced by others. Sex consciousness is stressed in many ways—in magazines, books, plays, on TV, in movies; and in the emphasis given rouges, lipsticks, powders, perfumes, deodorants, sheer stockings, and so on all along the line. Both the automobile and a rapidly increasing population have thrown the youthful sexes together as never before and provided unlimited opportunities for clandestine sexual experimentation by the young.

The overthrow of former sex standards has been advocated by numerous authorities in various fields. There was a great furore when Judge Ben Lindsay advocated "companionate marriages" of one-year's duration for young couples, the idea being that if a couple didn't get along well together they could dissolve the relationship at the close of the trial period without any stigma attaching to either. Quite a few psychiatrists have advocated premarital sex experience for both sexes as a means of easing tensions and preventing the development of neuroses. Dr. George Peter Murdock of Yale University went so far as to predict that premarital sexual experience would not only be condoned but would be approved by society, in the near future.

There were various indications of increasing sexual experimentation along numerous lines by the girls. In one of the earlier studies Dr. Katherine B. Davis queried 1,200 female college graduates and found that of those who had not married sixty-five per cent had practiced auto-eroticism at some time or other, while of those who had married forty per cent had indulged in self-gratification. This put the lie to the once-prevalent notion that the female is by nature sexually dormant until aroused by the male and that even with male stimulation the average female is relatively indifferent to sex. Furthermore, Davis found that while in college, particularly in women's colleges, a surprisingly high percentage of women had experimented in homosexual activities. Fifty-six per cent, in fact, of the women's college graduates had been active at least once in this way, while the homosexual-experience percentage for those who had attended co-educational institutions (where the opportunity for male contacts was greater) was thirty-six.

JUST a casual run-through of news files will indicate the extent to which taboo sexual activities have permeated our female juvenile groups. Consider, for example, the so-called "Non-virgin clubs" which are constantly causing parents and the police trouble. They are also known as "P.F. and E.A. Clubs" (Pet first and eat afterwards), which in itself is revealing of a deep cynicism.

In one mid-Western town a sixteen-year-old girl accosted a minister with a proposal of intercourse, explaining that "The club I belong to requires me to ask the first man I meet each night." In another, a teen-age sex club had a membership of 150 boys and girls and was actually receiving applications for membership through the mails; these were intercepted by the police. In a single medium-sized city, 150 high school girls were pregnant at the same time. Both illegitimate births and abortions among teen-age girls have soared in recent years. A recent study indicated that of all persons in New York City who suffered from veneral disease, sixty per cent were under twenty years old.

BY far the most comprehensive study of changing sex customs of our females is the Kinsey group's "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female," which came out in 1953. Like "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," which came out five years earlier, this report received a great deal of attention by an avid public, which failed to realize that both books had researched *changing sex habits* decade by decade. Studied together, the two books contain an almost photographic picture of these changes, since it is obvious that changes in male sex habits often result from changes in female attitudes, and vice versa.

For instance, in the first book the Kinsey group found that during the present century there had been a trend toward coitus at an earlier age by a portion of the male population; this indicated, although it did not prove, that more young girls were similarly expressing themselves. It was found that some of the premarital intercourse of young men had been transferred from prostitutes to non-prostitutes, indicating that more young girls were available for intercourse on a non-professional basis. Prostitutes complained that the amateurs were spoiling their business.

In the first book Kinsey also found a great increase in the heterosexual petting. Technically, the girl who engages in this activity is a virgin, since the male does not penetrate her; the risk of pregnancy is also avoided. The increase, however, emphasized the relaxing of formerly rigid standards of conduct by the younger generations of girls. It was found that college men and girls were most active in petting to orgasm, with the high school group "rapidly" adopting the custom, and the grade school group following. This strikingly demonstrates how the younger elements of our society imitate those in the next-older age group.

The Kinsey researchers interviewed enough women (5,940 white women of varying ages provided complete case histories while 7,789 provided incomplete data) to permit the tabulation of very accurate statistics concerning a wide variety of sex activities in various age groups. Sensational increases, percentage-wise, were found in most of these activities among the younger women as compared with the older.

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Thus it was found that of women who would be fifty-six years of age or older (in other words, women who were born prior to 1900), only twenty-six per cent had indulged in petting to climax prior to the time they reached age thirty-five. Of women who would now be between forty-six and fifty-six the percentage was forty-four. And of women who would now be between thirty-six and forty-six it was still higher—fifty-three.

This means roughly that over a period of about twenty years beginning at about the end of World War I and extending until almost the start of World War II the percentage of girls who engaged in the most torrid sort of petting just about doubled. Actually the numerical increase was far more than double, due to the steady increase in population.

THERE has been a steady though not-so-spectacular increase in the percentage of girls who petted but did not necessarily pet to climax. About four of every five girls born prior to 1900 petted to some extent, but among the girls born between 1910-1929 the total of such petters increased to close to ninety-nine per cent. The remaining one per cent represent those, we suppose, with the most adamant of scruples. There are girls to this day who will not allow men to kiss them until the proposal of marriage has been made and has been accepted.

Today, the figure of ninety-nine per cent of all women having petted by the time they reach age thirty-five still stands, and it is not likely to decline. Of course, most of these petted long before they were thirty-five. According to Kinsey, forty per cent of our girls pet before they are sixteen and by the time they reach their early twenties, ninety-one per cent have so indulged.

Surprisingly—to those who hold that the female is by nature monogamous while the male is polygamous—the Kinsey group found that the girls were just about as free-and-easy in their number of partners as the boys. Ninety per cent of them had petted with more than one male. Of this group, thirty-two per cent had had from three to five partners, twenty-three per cent from six to ten partners, and the largest group of all, thirty-five per cent, from ten or more partners.

It was also found that more females were indulging in auto-eroticism; the increase being about ten per cent in women born since 1900 as compared with those born prior to the turn of the century. The relative smallness of this increase may be associated with the very considerable increase in sexual experiences of various sorts with the opposite sex. Similarly, there was no increase in female homosexuality, as might have been expected.

Also as might have been expected, considering the great increase in petting to climax and other intimacies, there was a considerable increase in the percentage of females who indulged in intercourse prior to marriage and among those who never married. Kinsey refers to this as "premarital intercourse." He found that the percentage of females born after 1900 who so indulged more than doubled that among females born prior to that date. Currently, it is probable that at least fifty per cent of all females who marry are non-virgins at the time of marriage, as compared with about eighty-five per cent of the males. There has been a very considerable increase in premarital intercourse among engaged couples, this frequently taking place after the decision to marry.

Alarm has been expressed in many quarters concerning the very considerable increase in female extramarital intercourse or adultery. This has become progressively greater over the years, indicating a steady downgrading of female respect for the marriage vows. Of those women who were born prior to 1900, only one in five or twenty per cent stated that she had been unfaithful to her husband by the time she reached age forty. Of those born between 1900 and 1910, the adulterous percentage had risen to thirty. It now stands at around forty per cent, which means that the man who marries today stands close to an even chance that his wife will be unfaithful at some time during their married life. Incidentally, about fifty per cent of our males are unfaithful at some time during their marital careers. Divorce-court judges and attorneys stress that unfaithfulness of some sort is the most frequent cause of broken marriages, whether or not it is named as such.

FORMER notions about the "frigidity" of "ladylike" women were shattered. It was found that only about fifteen per cent of married women described themselves as sexually unresponsive, while among the single women the percentage was twenty-eight. In the younger age groups, a "considerable" increase in percentages of women who reported receiving orgasm from coitus was noted. These changes were attributed to such factors as increased accessibility of sex information, increased awareness of the female's sex needs both by the male and the female, franker sex discussion, the widespread availability of contraceptives, and the general "emancipation" of the female. Frigidity, for example, has decreased most markedly among women in the higher education brackets, career women and the like who refuse to accept the "little woman" position and to be either the economic or the sex vassals of men.

All this means that a major sex revolution on the part of the females is well-advanced. The way the trend is going, it may not be too long, as Dr. Murdock

railroad

BY WEBB B. GARRISON

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Until the advent of the automobile, horse-drawn vehicles had no challengers except the railroads. Trains hauled hundreds of tons of cargo with ease. As early as 1837, the locomotive "North Star" broke all records by plunging down the rails at sixty m.p.h. So it was proverbial that anything connected with the railroad was likely to be big and fast.

That tradition was upheld by one of America's most colorful construction jobs. In 1864, major interests pressed for action on the daring project of laying ribbons of steel from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Five frantic years followed. Working from both ends, the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific extended tracks toward one another. They eventually met at Promontory, Utah. But in order to do so, workmen had to push across rivers, through forests, and over mountains. No matter what the obstacles, the railroad had to be built—in a hurry.

Pell-mell overriding of difficulties became so linked with construction of railroads that a new phrase was born. Any person or group pushing a program or idea without regard for opposition is said to *railroad* it through.

predicts, before premarital sex relations will meet with social approval. It may not be too long before a virgin in her late teens will be a rarity, while lack of virginity will be no drawback insofar as desirability as a marriage partner is concerned. A Yale University study involving 4,000 male students has revealed that only eight per cent of these young men insisted that they would marry only virgin brides.

ONE of the best summings-up of all these factors may be found in the book, "Sex Ethics and the Kinsey Reports" by Seward Hilter of the University of Chicago, who notes:

"The restraints put around sexual activity during the previous century, centering especially around the 'nice girl,' appear to be decreasing rapidly. . . . We should note also that the changes in women's sexual patterns are, in general, simply in the direction of patterns already held by men, and in the incidence and frequencies in which men, on the average, still far outrun the women. There is much justification for Kinsey's statement that the double standard is in process of being resolved. . . ."

In other words, what's sauce for the gander is now deemed sauce for the goose.

However, there are certain indications that if women "go overboard" with their sexual revolution, cast all past moral restraints aside in animalistic revelment in their new-found freedom, they are likely to bring themselves and society to great misery, in fact wreck the institution of the family which serves as the keynote of society. Consider, for example, what has been happening in Sweden, where "progressive" ideas regarding the sexual freedom of both men and women has resulted in a great deal of tragedy.

Sweden has a sex-education program in the schools that would curl the hair of many an old-time schoolmaster. Abortion is legal, as is the sale of contraceptives. No stigma attaches to the unwed mother.

One Swedish psychiatrist, pointing pridefully to these "realistic advances," stated, "We face the facts. Young people sleep together everywhere. We don't frown and tell them that it's sinful and expect that that will prevent it."

Because of their new freedom, however, many Swedish girls are finding that they give themselves hopefully to boys but get few proposals of marriage, while due to the ease with which abortions can be obtained boys who make them pregnant show little interest in marrying them. "Why should I pay with the sacrifice of my freedom for that which I can get free?" is a common attitude among Swedish youths.

Of Sweden's unmarried girls, at least fifty per cent who became pregnant resort to abortion as a means of resolving their problems, indicating that many young men want them temporarily but not on a long-term basis that involves the responsibility of raising a child. About one-fifth of all babies born in Sweden are illegitimate, while a 1955 estimate put the total of unwed mothers in Sweden as in excess of 27,000 — a considerable group in a country of only seven million total population. Leaders of the Lutheran Church have officially denounced the modern surrender to "weaknesses of the flesh."

A similar situation is not only a potential danger here; it has already arrived even though, with our much greater population, it is not so clearly obvious. We probably have from five to ten million abortions a year; a high percentage of these are on unwed women. Abortions kill around 10,000 American females a year. The nation abounds in deserted and unwed mothers.

A Catholic priest who writes under the pen-name, John Laurence, understood the urges of the adult but unmarried female when he wrote in his book "The Single Woman" that virginity "undoubtedly breeds frustrations" and then proceeded to compare the slight frustrations of virginity with the drawbacks and hazards of the "furtive affair."

"She may become one man's mistress," he observed. ". . . she may drift from one man to another in the hope that one of her affairs may become permanent; or she may divorce love from sex completely and pick her lovers for much the same reasons that she selects her hats. But will she find any of these evasions of virginity very satisfying?"

MANY top-level thinkers agree with him. While admitting the female's new "discovery" of sex—a discovery the male made and exploited with the utmost selfishness ages ago—they also point out that destruction of the values that tend to make the family a strong and enduring unit can only destroy society itself. They see the solution in man's upgrading the value of woman and of monogamy rather than in woman's downgrading herself and monogamy. They see the double standard as on the way out, but in its place earlier, more intelligent, and equally cooperative unions between the sexes with permanence the main objective.

As Carle C. Zimmerman of Harvard University notes in his book "The Family of Tomorrow:" ". . . we must begin to look upon the family as a 'value' of more fundamental importance than sex, companionship, individual willfulness, or any other social, economic, or biological aim given it. . . . Obviously, the family must be a sexual instrument for both husband and wife. Ideally, it will have to be considered a 'monopoly' creation for this purpose. We will still have masturbation, fornication, adultery, and all the other types of 'sexual outlets,' just as we have always had them, but that does not deny the necessity for the 'semblance of order.'"

Two wrongs do not make a right. Men have taken unfair sexual advantage of women for thousands of years, and in so doing have caused incredible misery. Only disaster will come if awakened and emancipated woman does the reverse. Virginity in both sexes until the day of marriage is still the surest guarantee of a happy marriage and stable family. ■ ■

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Eastern U. S.: (1) *Maine* — "CHIEF" STANWOOD, East Sullivan, Me. (2) *Vt., N. H., Conn., R. I., Mass.* — HOWARD R. VOIGHT, P. O. Box 716, Woodmont, Conn. (3) *Chesapeake Bay and tributaries; inland waterways, New York to Florida* — COL. ROLAND BIRNN, c/o *Adventure*. (4) *The Great Smokies and Appalachian Mountains south of Virginia*—PAUL M. FINK, Jonesboro, Tenn.

Madagascar — RALPH LINTON, Yale University Institute of Human Relations, 333 Cedar Street, New Haven 11, Conn.

Mexico: (1) *Northern Border States* — J. W. WHITEAKER, 2903 San Gabriel St., Austin, Tex. (2) ******West Coast beginning with State of Sinaloa; Central and Southern Mexico, including Tabasco, Chiapas, Campeche, Quintana, Roo and Yucatan* — WALLACE MONTGOMERY, c/o *Adventure*.

Newfoundland — CAPT. LEO MURPHY, J. P., House of Assembly, Colonial Bldg., St. John's, Newfoundland.

***New Zealand, Cook Island, Samoa** — J. M. DOBSON, P. O. Box 46, Dannevirke, New Zealand.

Okinawa (Except Military Activity) — WILLARD J. HOWLAND, American Schools, APO 331, San Francisco, Calif.

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that the crowd had gathered around a pair of cowpokes shooting at a dead cat was a tribute to the way Jeff had cleaned up Alderville. Even Arch's customers and girls had spilled out of the saloon to watch. As Jeff strode across the hot compound, kicking up little spirals of fine, parched dust, there was an almost tangible tightening of the atmosphere.

Allie Coit blew at the barrel of his revolver and stared arrogantly at the sheriff. Jackie kept his face averted, pretending he wasn't aware of Jeff at all. There was no mistaking that Jackie was Wes Bowden's son. Except for that sulky, hang-lipped expression, the face was the same—handsome, even-featured, curly red hair, and bright, white teeth. The big difference was that Wes used to flash those teeth. This kid never smiled; he just pouted.

"Your friend's new here, Jackie," Jeff said, holding in his voice with an effort, "but there's not much excuse for you, is there? You know the law. Now go on and hang up those guns."

JACKIE turned on him, his lower lip trembling. He tried to make his voice insolent, but he seemed to have trouble controlling his breathing. "Sorry, sheriff," he said. "I'm not heading that way right now. I'm going into Arch's for a drink."

Arch raised his sawed-off shotgun at Jackie's knees disgustedly. "Not with that gun you ain't, kid."

Arch was a solid, imposing figure. He had a broad chest, very little neck, and more stomach than any man ever needed. His closely-cropped hair made him look even stockier than he was.

Allie Coit spoke up in an affected drawl. "You underestimate your fame, sheriff. Even back on the Erie we've heard about Jeff Hardiman. The way I heard it, though, you were a man to take a gun away from anybody who wore one in Alderville. Of course, you know how stories get built up in the telling."

Jeff was trying to hold Jackie's eyes to his own, but the kid's kept sliding back to Arch's shotgun.

"Me and Arch are going back to my office," Jeff said at last. "You give Arch your gun and he'll hang it up for you."

Jackie licked at his lower lip and shifted his eyes from Allie to Arch and then to Jeff. Indecisively he tapped the gun against the side of his thigh.

When Jeff was alone he sometimes wished the showdown would come between Jackie and him, and get itself over with once and for all, but when he faced the kid, he remembered a lot of other things. His only thought was to try to hold it off once again.

A shrill, frightened voice came from the door of the saloon: "Give him the gun, Jackie!"

It was Barbara Farrell, one of Arch's new girls. She took a few steps down into the compound. There was an undertone of sly whispering, and some ribald laughter.

That surprised Jeff. The kid's grown up, he thought. Although Barbara was younger than the usual run of Arch's girls, she was at least three or four years older than Jackie. She looked pretty, too. Jackie had done all right for himself.

It was also obvious to Jeff that Allie Coit thought she was something, too.

"All right," Jackie said, in a firmer voice. "I'll give it to *Arch*." Although there could be no mistaking the challenge, Jeff signaled Arch to take the gun.

Allie Coit, emboldened, threw back his head and sniggered. "What are you law enforcers getting so riled up about?" he leered. "All we was doing was shooting at a dead cat."

"You!" Jeff barked. "Back on the Erie—you hear anything about how I was on the draw?"

"Fast," Coit replied, taken aback. "Real fast. That's what they said, anyway."

"Well, you give me that gun, sonny, and put a muzzle on that mouth of yours, or you'll find yourself right in the middle of a personal exhibition."

Coit went pale. When he found his tongue, he said, "All right. I'll let fat boy hang it up for me."

That was a mistake. Arch, who had just taken Jackie's gun belt, whirled around with astonishing agility and slammed the barrel of his shotgun across the side of Allie's head. Coit went sprawling into the silt-like dust.

Arch took a quick, powerful step and kicked twice. The first kick knocked the gun out of Allie's hand, and the second—aimed at his stomach—doubled him over in agony. Arch bent down and yanked at the gun belt savagely, rolling Coit over onto his back. A deep gash above Coit's eye was gushing blood.

"Fat boy," Arch said, breathing heavily, "will be happy to oblige."

It had happened so quickly that, after the first instinctive *whoosh* of surprise, the crowd stood stunned and silent. The townspeople had grown accustomed to the byplay between Jackie and Jeff; Jackie deliberately harrassing Jeff, provoking him, yet always backing down before he forced a showdown.

Yet suddenly there was blood on the ground.

Doc Schleifer came through the crowd to loosen Allie's belt and pump the wind back into him. Arch went on ahead, the gun belts slung over his shoulder, and Jeff caught up to him. They walked silently back through the hot, powdery dirt to the sheriff's office. Arch hung both belts on the same bare bracket and followed Jeff into his quarters.

JEFF poured a couple of drinks and sank down on his cot. "This weather-" he said, shaking his head. He lifted his glass. "Sorry, Arch."

"Sorry, hell. I could have kissed that punk for giving me an excuse to belt him."

"It's been a long time."

They finished their drinks and sat to-

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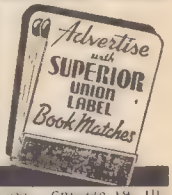

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gether with the quiet ease of old friends. And yet there was a tension between them, a tension that had been building a long time.

"Jeff," Arch said, tentatively, "have I ever tried to give you any advice?"

"No. And don't start now." Suddenly Jeff didn't want to talk about Jackie any more.

"Okay," Arch said. "Then I'll ask you a question. How long do you think you can let this thing with Jackie last? You keep letting him get away with this stuff and a dozen other young punks like Allie Coit are going to start smelling around to see what they can get away with."

JEFF laughed. "You leave it to me." He reached for the bottle again, but Arch clamped his fat, hairy paw around the neck and tipped it back toward himself.

"You could have done something once," he persisted. "You could have talked to Edna. Better still, you could have clubbed Jackie over the head or let him spend a couple of nights in jail." He looked up sharply. "This thing is getting out of hand, Jeff. Don't kid yourself."

"To hell it is."

"To hell it ain't. Today it was 'I'll give the gun to Arch,' and you let him get away with it. Next time, just as sure as we're sitting here, it will be *'You* take it away from me.' " Arch was watching Jeff very carefully. "What then?"

"Then I'll take it away."

"Okay," Arch said. "I just wanted to hear you say it—so there won't be any question about it when the time comes."

Jeff gazed at his old friend in amazement. Arch was right. Jeff had never let his thoughts carry him to the point where he might actually have to shoot it out with Jackie.

"It's easy for you to talk," Jeff said. "But remember this: I owe it to Wes to try to keep from hurting his kid." Arch had ridden with him and Wes in the old days; the three of them had started the JAW ranch together. That was what JAW stood for: Jeff-Arch-Wes.

"Nobody owes a dead man nothing," Arch said shortly. "I think I was a better friend of Wes's than you were, and I say you owe him nothing."

"But I owe Edna something. I owe Jackie something. Are they alive enough for you?"

Arch let go of the bottle and gave it a distasteful shove toward Jeff. "You're the sheriff. You owe something to the people who elected you, haven't you ever thought of that? A sheriff's got to be awful smart or awful tough. You used to be tough."

"All right," Jeff snapped, exasperated. "Let go of it, will you? I don't have to be sheriff, you know."

"You may not have to worry about that, either, friend. Not after MacKenzie gets those sharp little teeth of his into today's glorious episode."

MacKenzie was the owner and editor of the *Weekly Crier,* a newspaper which had been trying to make a reputation for itself by sniping at Jeff. You clean up a town so a paper can come in and print what it wants, Jeff thought, and it ends up by picking the meat off your bones.

Jeff sighed. "Jackie ain't so bad. Not really. If I can just keep from backing him into a corner, nothing's going to happen. This is kid stuff, Arch. He'll grow up and see things different."

"You poor damn fool," Arch said gently. "He ain't in a corner any more. You are. You could have slapped him across the mouth once and that would have been the end of it. Now you're going to have to gun with him." He shook his head to keep Jeff from interrupting him. "Yes, you are. I'm telling you, Jeff, you've done nobody any favors."

"He ain't that kind of a kid," Jeff insisted.

"What makes you so sure you know what kind he is—now?"

NEXT day Jeff rode out of town just after dawn. It had been ten years since he'd gone to the JAW ranch. The sheriff started at an easy trot, but before he'd covered ten miles he decided to take it slower. He slowed the red roan down to a walk.

Finally, a little past noon, they reached the outer marker of the JAW ranch—the outline of a cow's jaw burned into a flapboard. Jeff, Arch, and Wes had claimed the land more than twenty years ago. When Wes married Edna about a year later, Jeff and Arch had given their shares as a wedding present.

There had been nothing he wouldn't have done for Edna. Including, she knew, marrying her himself. Not that he'd ever flattered himself he'd really had a chance against Wes.

Afterward, when they'd come down to Alderville, Arch had tried to talk Jeff into opening the saloon with him. But Jeff, drifting around, had signed on as a deputy—just as a stopgap. It had been a rough, roaring town back in those days—so rough and so roaring that all of Jeff's superiors had been shot within a year. That was how Jeff had become sheriff.

It was as sheriff half a dozen years later that he had last made this trip to JAW after the son of the governor of the territory had been killed. The governor's son had been a spoiled brat, in trouble from the start, who only needed to stay alive for a few years to become a legend of the worst sort. He hadn't stayed alive, though. The kid had got on Wes's back and Wes had slugged him. When the kid went for his gun, Wes shot first.

Jeff would not have hesitated to help Wes escape if he had thought it was the best thing for his friend to do. But he couldn't see why Wes had to give up the ranch and everything that went with it when he had such a perfect case of self-defense.

"Are you kidding?" Wes had argued. "You kill a governor's son and nobody bothers themselves with the minor details, like who drew first. They just go hunting for a thick rope and a high tree."

Jeff had shown Wes what he'd be putting his wife and son through if he made a fugitive of himself. Once he started running, Jeff pointed out, he'd have to go clean to Mexico. On the other hand, Jeff said, if Wes would come back to Alder-

ville with him, he could guarantee a fast trial and a quick dismissal. Then nobody would ever be able to touch him.

Unconvinced, Wes was all for cutting out, but in the end he had left it up to Edna. "If Jeff says it's all right," she had argued, "it must be all right."

But everything had gone wrong.

The governor shipped down his own lawyers, obtained a change of venue to the capital, and produced a pair of witnesses to testify that Wes had started the brawl. Jeff, as arresting officer, had been called as a prosecuting witness and forced to admit that he'd gone out to Wes's ranch to bring him back.

When, upon cross-examination, he testified that Wes had come in willingly, that he had an excellent reputation and that everyone at the scene had testified that Wes shot only after the kid had gone for his gun, the governor's lawyers re-examined him and extracted the admission of their long friendship. On the whole, the harm Jeff did far outweighed the good.

Wes Bowden was hanged.

Jackie Bowden hadn't been in court; all he remembered was that Jeff had come to arrest his father. Edna had been there, though. She had waited for Jeff at the door of the courtroom and, her eyes burning with hatred, had cried, "You killed the man who trusted you! Don't ever forget that!"

There was nothing he could say. He'd come back to Alderville determined to hand in his badge, but a man hunt had been getting under way and, by throwing himself into the middle of it, he had managed to keep himself from brooding about Wes. He had hung on afterward, getting harder and harder, killing the tough ones and breaking the not-so-tough. He had never intended to make it his life work, but the years passed. Now, in his forties, there was nothing else he could do. It was the way Arch had once said: he was growing old and he had nothing to look upon to prove that he had lived.

Jeff rode down into the big, fertile basin and went up the beaten trail to the ranch house. He led his horse to the water trough, removed the head stall, uncinched the latigo, and let him drink. His own shirt, dark with sweat, clung to him as he moved.

A couple of cowhands, lazy with food, were strolling out of the chow hall, a long, flat, barn-like structure behind the house. Allie Coit lagged just behind them. One of his eyes was shut tight, and the other badly swelled. Both supported ugly purple paunches. A red welt stretched along the side of his nose and a white patch across his forehead.

WHEN he saw Jeff, he stopped, astonished, and stared out of the one good eye. His hand made a barely perceptible movement toward his gun; but that, Jeff knew, was for the benefit of the other cowhands. If Coit really had the guts to draw, he would have done so yesterday.

"Jackie!" Allie called. "Come on out here. We got an official visitor."

Jackie appeared at the chow-hall door. A look of utter outrage swept over him. At that same moment, Edna, attracted by the sound of Coit's voice, came to the door of the house. Jeff saw her out of the corner of his eye, but his full gaze remained upon Jackie.

"You're not in town now, Hardiman," Jackie said, his voice taut, his eyes dark and baleful. "You're on my land. Get on your horse and get out of here or you'll leave with a bullet in you. And I won't plead self-defense, either."

Jeff said, "I've come to visit your mother. This is a social call."

Jackie was trembling with fear and anger, but managed to say, "You've been in this house once too often already."

COIT drew his Colt and laid it across the palm of his hand. "You heard the man, sheriff."

From the doorway, there came a sharp and immediate reprimand.

"If Sheriff Hardiman came to see me," Edna Bowden said, "he is my guest. No guest is greeted with a gun on this ranch."

Jeff started confidently toward the house, but, as he went, Jackie's voice followed him—a little more assertive this time. "You're on my ranch now, sheriff, and nobody carries a gun into my house. Leave yours out here."

Without turning, Jeff unbuckled his belt and let it fall to the ground.

"Put everything you got to say into fifteen minutes," Jackie said. "Because that's all the time you got."

Jeff walked on up the stairs and followed Edna into the living room.

There was a long silence. Jeff was beginning to regret his decision to come to JAW. It was a tactical blunder to put himself on the defensive in enemy territory. Jackie had made him take off his guns. The showdown was coming closer.

Well, that's what he was here for. To keep Jackie from forcing it.

When Edna finally spoke, her words were cold. "There's no welcome in this house for you, Jeff."

"I know that, Edna. If I had any other way, do you suppose I'd be here? I need your help."

She was incredulous. "You think I'm going to help you?"

"I think you're going to help Jackie."

"What are you trying to do to us now? Jackie's a fine boy."

"He's a fine boy, all right," Jeff said. "And one of these days he's going to try to kill me."

A strange sort of satisfaction stood forth in her eyes. "You really don't expect me to blame him, do you?"

Jeff picked up his hat and started for the door.

"Jeff," she said, and he stopped.

She stared a long time before her features softened. "You know, I didn't recognize you at first out there. You got old, Jeff."

"Fifteen years. That's a long time." He felt his age, his haggardness, his gray-speckled hair.

"I suppose," she said, with a touch of coquetry, "I look pretty old to you, too."

She was older, of course, and plumper.

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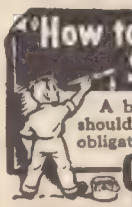

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But she didn't really seem any older to him.

"No," he said truthfully. "I've seen you off and on during the last fifteen years. Every time you come to town. You can see Zanger's store through the back of the jail."

Reddening, she averted her eyes. "A man like you, Jeff," she said, "with all your experience—you should be able to handle Jackie without any trouble. He's only a boy, Jeff."

"He's twenty years old. Me and Wes had killed men before we were twenty."

"Jackie isn't like you and Wes. Wes was on his own all his life. He was tough. He could get out by himself and do things. There was nothing Wes couldn't do. Nothing."

Edna went on about Wes, explaining how resourceful he was, how capable, how independent. The words tumbled over each other, carrying her along. She must have talked for five solid minutes, always skirting the fringes of her real meaning—that Wes could have left that room fifteen years ago, gone to Mexico, and made a good life for himself and his family.

AND then suddenly she stopped talking. "Jackie isn't like Wes. Whatever's happened in the past, I know you'd never treat him like some tough gun fighter from the hills."

"Edna," Jeff said, "I'd never draw on Jackie unless he draws first. But let's make no mistake about this. If I have to draw, I won't be shooting to miss."

She nodded. "I'll do what I can," she said, hard and flat, and the audience was at an end.

"If you think I wanted Wes to hang," Jeff said, "there's nothing you can do."

For just a second she stared. Then she turned her back to him and moved quickly to the small curlicued table at the corner of the room. On the table stood a framed picture, half-hidden from him by her body. She scooped it up, strode back across the room and handed it, face down, to Jeff.

Jeff turned the heavy frame over. It was an old daguerrotype, the wedding picture of Edna and Wes—Wes, the image of Jackie; Edna, as beautiful as he remembered.

"Did you do it," she said harshly, "because of me?"

He knew then what he had not known all those years: That it was herself she blamed, more than him. She had made the final decision to permit Wes to stand trial. If, in addition to that overt guilt, she feared that Jeff had framed Wes because he was still in love with her, then she held herself twice guilty.

Jeff took her by both arms, none too gently. "Now listen to me," he said. "There was only one reason why I wanted to bring Wes in. I felt sure he'd be acquitted. There's only one reason I came out here today. I want to keep Jackie out of trouble. Believe that, Edna."

She dropped her head and laid it against his chest, dully. At last she whispered, "It isn't really Jackie's fault, you know. It's mine. It isn't easy for a woman to bring up a boy alone. He's not hard, Jeff. Boys brought up without fathers are always soft down underneath."

He held back stiffly as she nuzzled against his chest. "Talk to him," he said. "Explain everything from beginning to end. Try to make him see how all this happened."

A loose forelock had fallen over her eye and she blew it back in place. "I'll tell him, Jeff," she said eagerly. "Oh, I will. And then afterward, you'll talk to him, too, won't you? He needs a—an older man to confide in."

"Afterward," he said. "There's nothing I'd rather do. Maybe me and Arch . . ." Arch would like that, the sheriff thought. He was beginning to melt into her mood now. "We could tell him a lot about his old man, me and Arch. Things a son should rightly know."

"Oh, Jeff," she said, beginning to weep. He patted her clumsily, letting her lie in his arms. A warm breeze suddenly washed the back of his neck. Warm as it was, it sent an icy chill stabbing through him.

Jackie Bowden, standing at the door, said, "Your fifteen minutes is up, Hardiman." His voice was cold, controlled.

EDNA, flustered, stepped quickly away from Jeff. "Jackie," she said, "I—I want to talk to you."

"Sure," he said, "I can see. You've been in here all this time wanting to talk to me." He turned to Jeff, his voice hard. "Be out of here when I get back. And if you ride in here again, come with your gun drawn and your hammer cocked, because I'll be shooting on sight."

"Jackie," his mother pleaded, "you don't understand at all."

The look he gave her was no little boy's pout. "I understand," he said, turning away.

Edna looked sick as the echo of the door's slam died around them. She patted her hair back in place.

"He'll listen to me," she said, looking beyond the door. "I'll have a nice, long talk with him after he's calmed down. Like we decided. Leave everything to me, Jeff. He always listens to me."

"Sure," said Jeff. "Sure he will." He took his hat from the table and smoothed the brim down between the palms of his hands. He was halfway to the door when she spoke.

"Jeff, you won't . . ." The law man waited for her to finish, but she was content to let it hang there.

He went on out and found his gun belt still snaked in the dirt where he had let it fall. He threw it over his shoulder, mounted his roan, and rode off toward the hills.

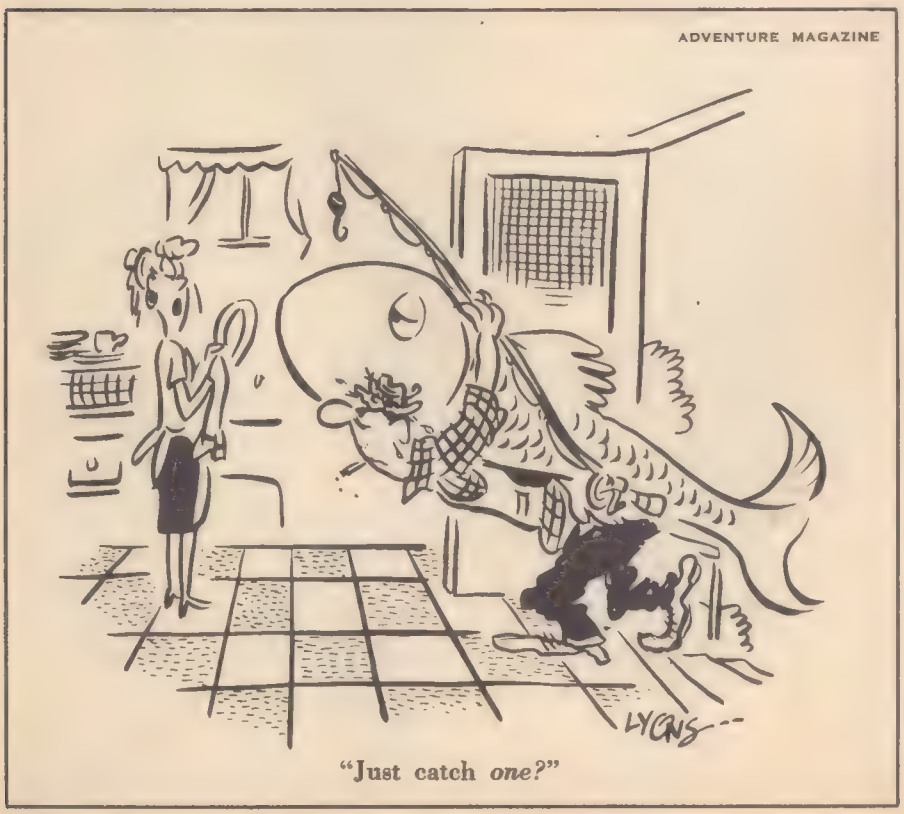
When he got back to Alderville, the hot, dusty afternoon was cooling to dusk. He went to his room, took out his bottle of whiskey and gulped three straight shots. It had been a long time since he'd taken red-eye like that but, Lord, he needed it. The whiskey washed the dust out of his mouth and cut through his clogged mind.

What he craved was sleep. A long rest tonight and a fresh look tomorrow. But he knew that without the bottle there'd be no sleep. He reached for it.

Jeff was awakened by the glare of a single match. Someone was shaking him in the darkness. His mouth was thick and fibrous, his stomach loose.

"Where's that damn lamp?" Arch bawled.

Jeff lit his own match, momentarily,



"Just catch *one*?"

then felt it slip from his shaking fingers. Arch, seeing that Jeff had gone to bed fully dressed, forgot about the lamp.

"Let me tell you," he said, "you picked the night for it." Then, as if it had just occurred to him, "You were out to JAW today?"

Jeff was suddenly sober. "What's happened?"

"You were out there then?"

"Damn you, what s happened?"

There was a moment of heavy silence. Then Arch shrugged. "Jackie Bowden . . ."

"Oh, God!"

"He just killed Allie Coit!"

The fresh air slammed against Jeff's head. As they crossed the compound, Arch gave him a quick fill-in. Jackie and Allie had come into his place liquored to the ears and a-quiver with violence. Coit had caught Arch on the wrong side of the bar, held a gun on him, and taken over the saloon.

"That little punk," Arch said grimly, "needling me to go for my shotgun. Don't think I wouldn't have gone for it, either. Those two were out to bury us deep this night, friend."

The rest of the story was this: Barbara Farrell, the girl Jackie liked, had gone to reason with Jackie, but it ended, inevitably, with Coit pawing her. When she shoved him off, he knocked her sprawling. Thereupon Jackie belted Coit.

Coit, from the floor, had ripped two shots into Jackie, turning him halfway around the table. Jackie, drawing calmly and deliberately, had then put one shot through Allie's heart.

"Who'd have thought the kid would hold up in a spot like that?" Arch asked. "I'd have let you name your price that he'd come all apart."

"What about Jackie?" Jeff asked. "How bad is he hurt?"

Arch didn't know. Jackie had stumbled out the door with two bullets in him, and Arch had run over to rouse the sheriff.

Jeff halted Arch at the door of the saloon. "Why didn't you stop him?"

"I didn't figure he'd pay much attention to me," Arch said.

DOC Schleifer was bent over the body of Coit and a small circle of witnesses stood gaping about. MacKenzie seemed to be doing all the talking.

"You know what I mean," Jeff said grimly.

He looked down at three great drops of blood splattered at his feet. A trail of small red dots ran from the center of the room. Everybody there had turned to him, waiting for him to take over. Jeff remained at the door, waiting for an explanation.

"He had enough bullets in him as it was," Arch said. 'Besides, I owed the kid something, didn't I? It was self-defense, Jeff."

"And once he starts running, we don't ever have to worry about him again, is that it?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I doubt if we'll see him loitering around town in the near future."

MacKenzie of the *Crier* came striding toward them, with an expression of disgust that made Jeff painfully aware of his own unshaven, disheveled appearance.

"I'm glad they could wake you up and get you over here, *sheriff*. Maybe you'll see fit to send out a posse to bring that boy back here before he bleeds to death."

MacKenzie sported a mustache, a vandyke, and burnsides. Jeff brushed by him and went over to the dead man. Coit had fallen face down.

ARCO picked up Allie's gun and snorted. "For a man who was spotted two shots from five feet away and still managed to lose, this slob had a lot of big talk."

MacKenzie looked over sharply. "The man is dead."

"So a dead man needs an epitaph!" Arch reached over the bar, brought out a bottle, and poured himself a drink. "Unless," he said, raising his glass, "the editor of the *Crier* intends to immortalize him with an editorial."

"Better give the sheriff a shot, too," MacKenzie said, contempt and anger in his voice. "He looks as if he needs one bad."

"Thanks for the concern," Jeff said. "I'll manage without one."

"That's right, *sheriff*. You need a clear head to question the witnesses, don't you? If it's too much for you, you can have my notes. I took the liberty of taking their testimony for the *Crier*."

"If you call me 'sheriff' in that tone of voice once more you'll be lying there on the floor alongside the deceased."

"You can't intimidate me," MacKenzie shouted. He nodded toward the clump of witnesses. "The citizens of this town are going to know exactly where their sheriff was when this man was killed. And don't you think otherwise!"

"Oh, hell," Jeff said. "Print anything you want, just so long as you don't go martyr on us. Nobody's threatening the freedom of the press."

He sat down at the table beside the dead man and signaled Barbara. The girl was obviously tired and frightened. Her hair was frowzy and her lips dry. And her story agreed with Arch's in every detail.

"Sheriff," MacKenzie said finally, "I'll ask you this one last time. Are you or are you not going to organize a posse to bring Bowden back?"

Barbara was looking at the editor as though he were a freak. "Relax, reporter," she said. "No posse is going to bring him back. Not alive. That right, Mr. Hardiman?"

"How bad was he hurt, Barbara?" Jeff asked, ignoring her question.

She looked at the trail of blood from the table to the door. "That bad."

Jeff's eyes went to Doc Schleifer for confirmation. Doc pursed his lips and nodded once. Firmly.

"He won't be coming back, MacKenzie," Jeff said flatly. "Not alive."

"Would anybody have any objections," MacKenzie asked, "if I sent a special edition of the *Crier* around the territory for the other papers to copy? The least we

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can do is try to let Bowden know he can go to a doctor without being arrested."

There was silence for a few moments. "What's the quickest you can get your paper out?" Jeff said at last.

"The quickest?" MacKenzie frowned. "A day," he decided finally. "A day and a half, to be safe."

"That's good," Jeff said. "I can get Jackie Bowden back to Alderville, MacKenzie, if you'll print this story the way I tell you."

"If it's the truth," MacKenzie said, "I'll print it."

Arch guffawed and even Doc Schleifer raised his eyebrows.

"Well, those are grand and noble words," Jeff said patiently. "But right now we need a story that will save a man's life. We need a story that all the other papers in the territory will copy from yours right away. That will spread the news fast and spread it far."

MacKenzie conceded the point. "I'm not promising anything yet, but I'm listening."

"All right, listen! On the front page—right alongside the story of the shooting—I want you to put a little notice announcing my marriage to Edna Bowden. Friday should be about right. Then I want you to write a front-page editorial asking whether or not this isn't Mrs. Bowden's way of paying the sheriff off for not sending a posse after her son."

ARCH, Doc, and Barbara scraped their chairs a little closer to Jeff's table. Arch said, "The hell, Jeff . . ."

"You can bring out in your editorial," the lawman continued, "that fifteen years ago the same Jeff Hardiman arrested Wes Bowden, Mrs. Bowden's late husband, and hung him for murder. You can say that there was some talk that Hardiman had deliberately framed Bowden in the hope of marrying his wife.

"And you can finish," he went on, "by asking: 'After fifteen years, is Jeff Hardiman finally getting what he wanted?' "

MacKenzie studied his notebook for a moment, and spoke to Barbara. "So that's what I didn't know."

Arch wheeled around, tight-lipped. "And what do you think you know now?"

MacKenzie was tapping his pencil, top and bottom, against the table. "If I thought it would do any good . . ." he said. Then he tucked the pencil in his vest pocket.

"Look, Hardiman, I'll agree that if anything can get him back, this will. And I'll agree that once he hears about it, he'll come riding, walking, or crawling back. All right, what then? Is he going to stand still while we explain it was all a ruse to get him back? You know better than that. You will have to try to take him, and that means more blood. I'm not going to aid and abet bloodshed."

"Nobody's going to try to take him," Jeff said. "The streets will be empty. Me and Edna will be in the church with the preacher. Barbara will be there. Doc and Arch will be there. You'll be there. None of us will have guns. There must be someone among us he'll listen to."

Barbara, Jeff thought. He'll listen to Barbara if he'll listen to anybody.

"And what if he shoots before he listens?"

"Then you'll have a good story," Jeff told him. "Even better than I'm bargaining for."

Friday was hot and dry, as all week had been hot and dry. Toward nightfall a cool wind, presaging rain, swept off the plains into the deserted streets of the town.

Gathered in the church with the pastor, the Reverend Josiah Fentreiss, were Jeff, Edna Bowden, Barbara, Doc Schleifer, Arch and MacKenzie. A common sense of propriety had led them all into putting on their Sunday best, just as if they actually were attending a wedding. Jeff, who had dressed as carefully as the others, now wished they had come in their rough everyday clothes, so that it would be obvious to Jackie at once that no wedding was taking place.

LOOKING around the church, Jeff was astonished to see how badly the place had been allowed to run down. The paint was peeling off the front of the lecturn and the wood in the pews was warped. Even the window behind the lecturn—red with the setting sun—needed washing. As sheriff, Jeff had attended services every Sunday since the church had been built, yet he had never noticed any of these evidences of deterioration.

Edna had a distracted air. She went over to Barbara, who was seated demurely in the third row of pews. The two women leaned their heads together and talked softly.

Pastor Fentreiss tried to make his guests feel at home with a few remarks about these new faces he was having the pleasure of seeing in his church. He was a small man with deep-set eyes and a huge mop of completely white hair.

Just now, there was a nervous quickness to his voice, while his hands, heavily corded with veins, jumped convulsively.

MacKenzie detached himself from the others and spoke to Jeff. "Do you think he'll come?"

The editor, obviously frightened, looked pitifully young under his stringy patches of hair. Jeff couldn't imagine how he had ever let a kid like this bother him.

"All we can do is wait," Jeff told him. He wanted MacKenzie to get away and leave him alone, but Arch eliminated that possibility by coming over to join them.

"You should have let me bring my gun," he said. He pointed to the front exit alongside the wall. "I could have hidden it on the blind side of the jamb there, without his ever seeing it."

"And what good do you think it would do there?"

Arch scratched his head and grinned. "For one thing, it would have made me feel a helluva sight better."

Arch had a competent air that he always carried with him in tight spots. It occurred to Jeff that Arch, despite his original objections, was enjoying all this. The general challenge and stimulation of the trap they had set, and the stake they were playing for, made it all worthwhile. Arch was an old craftsman back on the job.

Edna moved toward Jeff, followed respectfully by Barbara.

"Jeff," she asked, "do you think he's coming?"

"What a shame, Charlie . . . Here's one that shrank."

Arch said flatly, "Yes. He's coming. This thing is going to end tonight. I can feel it."

"All I feel," MacKenzie said shortly, "is hot and dry. When is that rain going to fall?"

"You're in church," Arch snapped, "and your editorials never stray from the side of virtue. Pray!"

MacKenzie walked to the side window and stared out into the street. "I only said I wished it would rain," he muttered.

At eight twenty-five a few drops fell, curled up in the hot dust for a moment, and died. A few minutes later a lone rider, huddled over the horn of his saddle, turned into the main street.

The black gelding walked along gingerly. The faces of the townspeople, pressed against the darkened windows, turned to follow its slow, painful movements down the dusty road and into the soft, enveloping gloom.

The gelding stepped to the rear of the church and seemed to list a little to the right to let the rider slide to the ground.

Jackie Bowden had kept his rendezvous.

He kept it noiselessly, he kept it wearily, he kept it in pain. But he kept it.

The seven people inside the church, having somehow girded themselves for a frenzied, wild-eyed entrance, were caught by surprise when the back door opened, and Jackie Bowden stood there. There was a strangled cry from Edna, then a charged, heavy silence.

Jackie's face was streaked with dirt and sweat. He was hatless and the rich red hair seemed a rusty, grimy brown. Along the right side of the shirt was a solid smear of dried, dirty blood. His eyes were bleared and bloodshot and there was a straight ridge of crust showing at the edge of his dry lips.

The gun hung from his shooting hand like a great unbearable burden. He could just hold himself to his feet. He took a deep, raspy breath and said, "Hardiman, I've come to kill you!"

Edna, at the very edge of hysteria, tried to stop him by moving forward; but as she did so, he lifted the barrel of his gun to Jeff and muttered thickly, "Stay away from me or I'll let him have it right now."

No one said anything. Jeff let his hands hang at his sides as proof that he was unarmed. Jackie's wearied features grew solemn with either introspection or haziness, and the weight of the gun dragged his hand down once again.

DOC, in an easy tone, said, "Now don't anyone startle him. Don't make any abrupt moves. This kind of thing is way over my head, but I think he's in a state of complete fatigue. Let's sit tight and see what happens."

"Sit tight, hell," Arch said. He was studying Jackie grimly. "Go ahead, MacKenzie, tell him."

MacKenzie cleared his throat, then said loudly, "Jackie, do you know me?"

Jackie, roused, looked at him blankly. "I'm going to kill him," he said, in a low, weary monotone.

With a jerk of the head, Arch prodded MacKenzie on. "I printed that story in the paper," MacKenzie said. "It isn't true. The sheriff thought it would get you back so we could let you know you're not guilty of anything. It was self-defense. We have a roomful of witnesses who will swear to that."

Jackie raised his gun just a little. MacKenzie's voice hadn't reached him at all. He seemed hypnotized to his own murderous thought.

"Easy now," Doc told MacKenzie.

Barbara took one step toward Jackie, and Arch whispered to Jeff, "We can take him easy. Say the word."

AT the same time, Doc was talking in a soft, relaxed voice, "Don't do it, Barbara. Don't jar him into anything."

The girl walked on toward him, very slowly. "Would I lie to you, Jackie? Please! I love you."

Jackie's bleary gaze wavered between her and Jeff. "Nobody's after you," she said. "We just wanted to get you back so we could let Doc treat you. You're weak, Jackie. You've lost a lot of blood."

She was within three steps of him. "Everybody there saw that it was self-defense. Allie tried to kill you . . ." She took another step.

"Allie," Jackie said, and the corners of his lips turned down in contempt. His eyes closed and he had to fight to get them back open. He started to sway and the barrel of his Colt wavered across Jeff.

Barbara took another step and held out her hand. She could almost touch his arm. "Give me the gun, Jackie," she said, fighting to keep the wear out of her voice.

Jackie pulled air deeply into his chest, and his eyes glittered. He stared at Jeff and seemed to see him clearly for the first time.

"This one is between you and me, sheriff," he said, clearly, with force, as he shoved Barbara aside and came at Jeff, the gun lifting in his hand.

Jeff stood stolidly and without motion in front of Jackie, directly in the line of fire, within point-blank range. He had known somehow that it would come to this, the final showdown, today. No one could help him out of this one. It lay between the boy and himself. There was only one way to play it now.

Jeff's lip curled sardonically, and his eyes were hard and lidded. "All right, son," he said with biting irony. "You brought it to this. I tried to keep it from you all these years—but if it mean's I've got to shed my blood, I'll be damned if I'll keep still any longer."

Jackie shook his head, trying to make sense of Jeff's words.

"I'm just trying to make an honest man of myself, son," Jeff went on. "You wouldn't want to go around saying your father wasn't a married man, would you?"

Shock glazed Jackie's eyes. An audible gasp came from someone in the room as the import of Jeff's words struck home. Jeff could hear Arch's deep-throated grumble, "Damned fool!"

"Father?" echoed Jackie, his voice faltering. "Who—you?"

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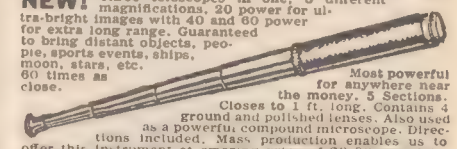

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He caught himself and looked down at the gun he was holding in his hand. Then his eyes met Jeff's and his brows raised in puzzlement.

"Father?" he repeated weakly. "You my father?"

"Why'd you think I laid off killing you so long?" Jeff rapped out. "Just because you were a friend of mine? No, Jackie. There was more reason than that. Didn't you ever wonder about that?"

Jackie shook his head wearily, but there was a sudden, burning brightness in his eyes.

"Liar!" he screamed, and then he staggered and retched as if he was about to throw up, but he didn't.

His eyes closed, his mouth fell open, and he started to roll forward, slowly, like a man tumbling underwater. It was almost as if this last crowning blow had done him in, when weariness, loss of blood, and exposure had not.

As he fell, the gun in his hand went off, and the explosion, magnified by the acoustics of the church, boomed and reverberated. Somewhere to the center of the sound was a bell-like tinkle. Turning, Jeff saw that the bullet had smashed through the window behind the lecturn.

Pastor Fentreiss, in a dazed, quavering voice, said, "I've been praying for a stained window, but I didn't expect the Lord to go to these lengths to get it for me."

Sweat stood out on the pastor's colorless forehead in great, glistening beads. Jeff took him by the elbow and pushed him down into an aisle pew to give him time to get hold of himself. Everybody else had rushed to Jackie's fallen body.

Jackie lay on the floor, unconscious, his head cradled in Barbara's lap. Half his filthy shirt had been torn away, and the exposed side, washed with whiskey, had the pale, clammy look of death.

MacKenzie was staring, dry-lipped, at the one, blunted bullet-head in the palm of his hand. Doc's elongated clippers were probing for the other. Just as Doc finally came out with it, Jackie rolled his head and seemed to stir. Doc snatched at the bottle and tried to force some whiskey down his throat, but almost all of it slopped down over Jackie's chest and onto Barbara's skirt. The wounded man lay still again.

Doc studied the bottle thoughtfully, then took a long drink. "I don't usually go in for dramatic effect," he said, "but we just don't have too much time with this one."

"Doc . . ." Edna said, waiting.

"Well, what do you want me to say?" he growled. "I'm Doc Schleifer. I set bones and prescribe for colic. If I were a specialist I'd be back East making money." But then, dropping the gruffness: "Unless we get a bad break I think he might make out all right. He's going to sleep for about twenty-four hours." Doc laughed then, shortly, as if he were glad of the excuse. "I've been known to be wrong, though, so have some good hot soup ready to pour into him."

Doc directed Jackie's removal to the rectory cot. When he came back out he put his hand under Jeff's elbow and guided him—in much the same manner as Jeff had guided the pastor—to the open door.

"When I need a doctor," Jeff said, pulling away, "I'll call one."

But he had to admit that the hot, muggy air felt cool against his face.

Doc, who had been peering at him professionally, relaxed. "You've got guts, Jeff," he said. "There's one thing's had me bothered, though. What makes you think this kid is worth it?"

"It's a job," Jeff said, playing it down. "I get paid every month."

NOW that it was over and there was nothing to do but wait, the sense of closeness and purpose that had bound them all together through the hours of waiting collapsed. Edna came over to he door by him.

"If I'd known he'd try to kill you I would never have gone through with this," she said. "You believe that, don't you?"

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I believe you."

He tried to dredge up some feeling for her; love or hate, affection or dislike. Anything. There just wasn't anything any more.

"Gentlemen," Arch boomed, "it occurs to me that we could all use a drink. Now, by sheer coincidence I happen to have a little influence over at the saloon."

Jeff laughed and slapped Arch on the back. Together they went out into the night where the rain had stopped. The lights had come on throughout the town, but the citizenry of Alderville seemed to have gathered, in great part, in the streets.

As the two men neared the center of town, a cluster of the braver little boys ran out to meet them. Instead of jumping around in the way of kids, though, they gazed at Jeff with the shyness of hero worship.

The same eerie quietness held as they passed by the homes in the center of town, through the beaming women and children.

The men, gathered in front of the saloon, made way to let Arch pass and open the door. There was the same restraint that had been evident in the others—a few awkward pats on the back, a few short, embarrassed greetings. And yet the affection—and the happiness—was something that was vibrant and alive.

Inside the saloon, Jake Zanger, owner of the general store, lifted his glass and shouted, "To the sheriff of Alderville!" And the reticence was swallowed up in a whirlpool of shouts and laughter.

Jeff Hardiman had given the people of Alderville a peaceful town, and, in return, they were letting him know that they were pleased he was still alive.

And that seemed to him to be a fair enough swap.

He should, he thought, looking around at his friends and neighbors, be able to last for another ten years, at least. Physically, he was still in his prime.

His back? Hell, his back had never felt better in his life. ■ ■

THE RIGHT KIND OF WORK FOR ME CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

manage, and the others just take orders."

"Well, yes."

"Our eating club seems to run about the same way," Mr. Wilcox said. "Wong and you."

About two days later I had to take a bunch of lunches up to a small gang working five miles up the ditch. Our camp was on the lower level where the electric generating plant was being built, and 1200 feet above, up the steepest slope I ever saw, most of the gang were busy digging out the reservoir and building the dam. There was an old ditch, dry now, leading down the ridge to the reservoir, and the outfit I was to supply with lunches were up working on its new headgate. Another gang further along could be reached by road and one of the men was driving their lunch to them. But Mr. Wilcox loaned me his riding horse for the trip up the ditch to the headgate men.

This was a fine-looking animal, Mr. Wilcox's personal property. I filled the saddlebags with the lunches and rode up the hill.

Somehow directions got mixed. Probably the real trail was along the top of the ridge, while the ditch angled in and out, following an easy gradient. Rex and I rode along the ditch bank, and while there was a path there, it obviously wasn't being used much. I began to worry, and about then came up to a wooden spillway, built into the bank. The top boards looked old and rather rotten, but on the other hand, Mr. Wilcox rode up that way all the time.

So I sent Rex across, and he broke through up to his belly. The main beams running lengthwise held him up, but his feet hung three or four feet above the floor of the outlet. After struggling a moment or two he realized he could get no footing, and he stayed quiet.

I got off him, and from the front pulled on the reins. He made an effort, but was helpless. There was only one thing to do: build up a footing for him, so he could get a purchase with his feet and struggle out of his straightjacket.

First I took off the saddlebags with the lunches in them, and then began looking for logs. There weren t many nearby, but I kept collecting them, and leaning them at an angle against the sides of the outlet, some behind Rex's hind feet, some ahead of his front ones. Then I filled in the V with small stuff, and built it up until the center was a foot or so higher than his passively dangling hooves. All this took hours.

Finally I went up to his head again, pulled on the reins and urged him—and with a few desperate heaves he pawed and thrust himself out and up on the bank, and the two of us stood there trembling.

It wasn't until then I realized how tired I was. But I put the saddlebags back on, and was about to mount when I found that the day was darkening. The headgate gang not only had missed lunch; it was about time for supper.

So I led Rex down, around the outlet, and back up on the bank. We went home to the eating camp.

Coming down the hill I could see a bunch of men around the office, and Mr. Wilcox standing on the step talking to them. Even while quite a way off I could see they were angry. Then somebody saw me coming and they pointed at me and then protested again to Mr. Wilcox.

I got off Rex while I was still a couple of hundred feet away and said to a man there, "I suppose that's the gang that didn't get their lunch?"

"They got their lunch all right," he said. "That's the fellows from higher up the ditch. What they're sore at is the meat in their sandwiches was full of maggots. You let the flies blow the meat. So they had to work all day without lunch, too."

I went over to the bunkhouse and got my bike and the Book of Facts and my bundle. Then I went up to Mr. Wilcox, while the men watched me, and resigned.

"I've decided to go down to San Francisco," I said, "and get a job as a newspaper reporter. I'm sorry to leave, Mr. Wilcox, but I have to."

"I accept your resignation," the engineer said. He turned around and yelled inside the office. "Earl! Get Harris' pay out here; he's leaving us."

Then he yelled, over the heads of the men, to the driver of the delivery truck. "Springer! Take Mr. Harris with you when you go into Nevada City tonight."

"I didn't plan on going in tonight, Mr. Wilcox," Springer said. "They won't be anything to bring back in the morning."

"They might be," Mr. Wilcox said. "Put his bicycle and effects in the truck. I want you to go in tonight and take Mr. Harris with you."

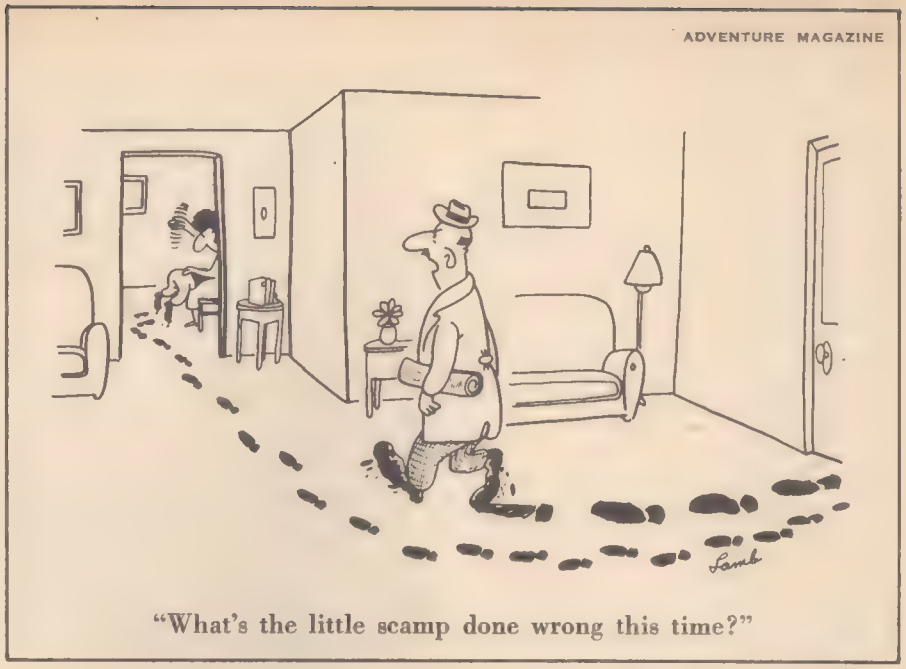
After we had been on the road a while Springer turned to me and asked, "What happened to you?"

"Well," I said, "that wasn't the right kind of work for me."

"Shucks," Springer said, "I coulda told you that inside the first twenty-four hours you was here."

THE narrow guage line at Nevada City ran one round trip a day down to the main line of the Southern Pacific at Colfax, and the train didn't leave until the middle of the morning. I spent the night on a bench in the station, and bought my ticket all the way as soon as the ticket window opened. It cost more than I'd figured, and I decided not to take the bike along. I wanted to pay back my landlady at Chico and the eight dollars Ed Kay had loaned me. On my way to the post office to get the money orders I saw a man walking along with a boy. The boy was looking at my bike.

"Look here," I said to the man, "I'm willing to sell this bike. Why don't you buy it for your boy?"



"What's the little scamp done wrong this time?"

"I'll give you six dollars for it," the man said. "Cash on the barrel head, take it or leave it."

I took it. Then I opened up the Book of Facts, and told the man how it would help the boy in his school work, and it was a new book, 1140 pages, worth four and a half.

"I'll give you four bits for it," the man said. "Cash on the barrel head, take it or leave it."

I took the fifty cents and went on to the post office. Six dollars wasn't much for the bike, but when you added what I'd saved on the baggage charge to Frisco, it mounted higher. As for the Book of Facts, its back was broken.

And in my new work as a newspaper reporter I wouldn't need either.

Soon as I arrived in San Francisco I got a room on the waterfront for a dollar a night, left my bundle there, and started to look up the different newspapers. I had eleven dollars to last over to a pay day. But on my first visit to each newspaper I saw somebody; either I was admitted inside, or someone came out to talk to me. However there wasn't an opening anywhere, and they all told me it was a slow time in the business.

On later calls I got less and less attention, and finally the telephone operators wouldn't call in any more; they said it was useless. I sat around each reception room anyway, until I got to know quite a number of reporters by sight and name, when they'd come by and kid with the operator, or come out to talk to somebody. And I heard magic words like morgue, press room, emergency hospital.

Then I went out and hung around the police station and all those other places, hoping for a good story to break so I could rush in with it and get myself hired as a man with a nose for news. Nothing ever happened.

On the fifth day I was down to three dollars when I dropped in at The *Examiner*, and Katie, the telephone operator, took one look and said, "Scoop Harris is back among us." Katie was plump, good-natured, in her thirties, and Irish.

"I'd like to see Mr. Barrett, please," I said. I'd found out that was the city editor's name.

"This is his day off," Katie said. "See you tomorrow."

"Then I'd like to see the man who's taking his trick today," I said. I'd picked up trade terms like that in my five days in reception rooms.

Katie looked at me and began to smile.

"And why not?" she said. "I've known the assistant city editor since he was a snotty-nosed office boy. And that wasn't too long ago, either. His name is Coblentz."

She plugged in and said, "Cobby, I'm sending in Scoop Harris to see you." She listened a moment and said, "He's a newspaperman; where d'you think he got that name 'Scoop'?"

"Go in and give 'im a good talk," she said to me.

MR Coblentz was young to be an assistant city editor, and he was one of those men who, without being nervous, is always alerted. While I was coming up to his desk he was crumbling up a sheet of paper in one hand, and watching me. I realized later that by the time I reached him he had me classified and pigeonholed.

"Bet you fifty cents you bought that suit four years ago," he said.

"That's right," I confirmed. "I picked fruit and bought it for my junior year in high school. How'd you guess four years?"

"I estimated you grow an inch a year," he said. He threw the paper ball toward the waste basket and asked, "What paper did you work on?"

"The Stanford *Daily*," I said, "for two years." That was stretching the truth

much as I had stretched it at Deer Creek. The plain truth was that I got six dollars a week to deliver The *Daily* to Palo Alto homes.

"Tell you what I'll do, Scoop," Mr. Coblentz said. "I'll give you a newspaperman's test. Three days ago an actress named Marie Louise, pretty well-known around here, tried to commit suicide. For three days they've had her up at a hospital pumping her out, and for three days we've sent one of our best men up there every day to try to interview her. They've come back emptyhanded.

"Here's your chance. If you're clever enough to get in there and make her talk, find out why she tried to bump herself off, ferret out what's back of it, get a good story, that'll prove you're a real *Examiner* man, and I'll put you on the staff at ten dollars a week!"

I had one lucky break: the reception room at the hospital was empty. Walking up to the telephone operator I said, "I'm a newspaper reporter from The *Examiner,* and I'd like to see Miss Marie Louise, please."

The girl said, "Miss Louise was well enough to leave this morning, so a woman friend came and took her away."

"Well, where did she take her?"

"We're not allowed to give out things like that," the operator said. Then she looked me up and down and asked, "How long have you been an *Examiner* reporter?"

"I just started," I said. "This is my first assignment."

"Well I'll be damned," the girl said. She looked at me again, and then she plugged in and said: "Minnie, what's the address Marie Louise went to?"

She wrote it down on a slip of paper, handed it to me,, and said, "Now don't tell anybody where you got that."

Just as I reached the door she called after me. "On your first pay day, for God's sake, get a haircut!"

The address took me far over on the other side of town. It was a battered, one-story house in a rundown neighborhood. When I rang the bell I heard several determined footsteps and then a rather good-looking, middle-aged woman threw open the door.

"I'm a newspaper reporter from The *Examiner,*" I said, "and I want to see Miss Marie Louise, please."

"Miss Louise is sick," the woman said, "and she can't see anybody."

She started to shut the door, but a voice from the back of the house arrested her.

"Did that fellow say he's from The *Examiner?*" Miss Louise yelled.

"Yes."

"Show him in!"

Miss Louise was sitting up in bed in a rear room, wearing a torn negligee that had a stained and moulting feather collar. I had picture her as twenty but she was probably twice that age.

"Miss Louise," I said, "I'd like to interview you to find out for The *Examiner* why you tried to commit suicide and what was back of it."

"Well," she said slowly, eyeing me, "I don't know. I was just sitting there all alone in that tacky hotel room, brooding over the past, and finally the bottle was empty, and I had the stuff there in the bathroom, so I swallowed it."

"Yes," I said, "but what was back of it?"

"Well, I don't know," she said.

"I was just thinking," I said, "that maybe a man was back of it."

"No," said Miss Louise. "I wish to God there was."

"Well," I persisted, "you said you were brooding over the past. Do you suppose that's what might have been back of it?"

"I think you've got it," she said. "Did you ever study karma?"

I shook my head.

"I'm a profound student of karma. That's a sort of philosophy brought over from India. Do you know Shakespeare?"

"Yes, I can recite a lot of Shakespeare."

"Have you heard of a Persian poet named Omar Khayyam?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I can recite about all of the Rubaiyat."

"Then you're the man," said Miss Louise, "to understand my philosophy of life, which is a combination of karma, Shakespeare and Omar Khayyam. Let me recite fragments of thought that have profoundly influenced me, and maybe given me a cast of thought that led to profound influences in my life and outlook. Have you got a pencil and paper?"

I HAD to borrow a pad to complete my notes. But I knew that Miss Louise's garbled philosophy was an entertaining story. What worried me on my way back to the office was the knowledge that The *Examiner* thought Miss Louise had fended them off, when it had really been the hospital. It wouldn't do to let them know how eager she had been. I had to appear clever.

Mr. Coblentz' restless eyes picked me up as I entered the local room, and when I reached the desk he held out his hand for the three photographs of herself Miss Louise had given me. "Boy!" Then he grinned at me, his face alive.

"Got it, eh?"

I showed him the notes and told him about Miss Louise having been moved.

"How'd you get her address out of the hospital?"

"I was asked not to reveal that," I said.

"That's right," he said. "A good newspaperman always protects his contacts. . . . How'd you get past the front door at the house?"

"When the door opened, I walked in."

He nodded three or four times, grinning.

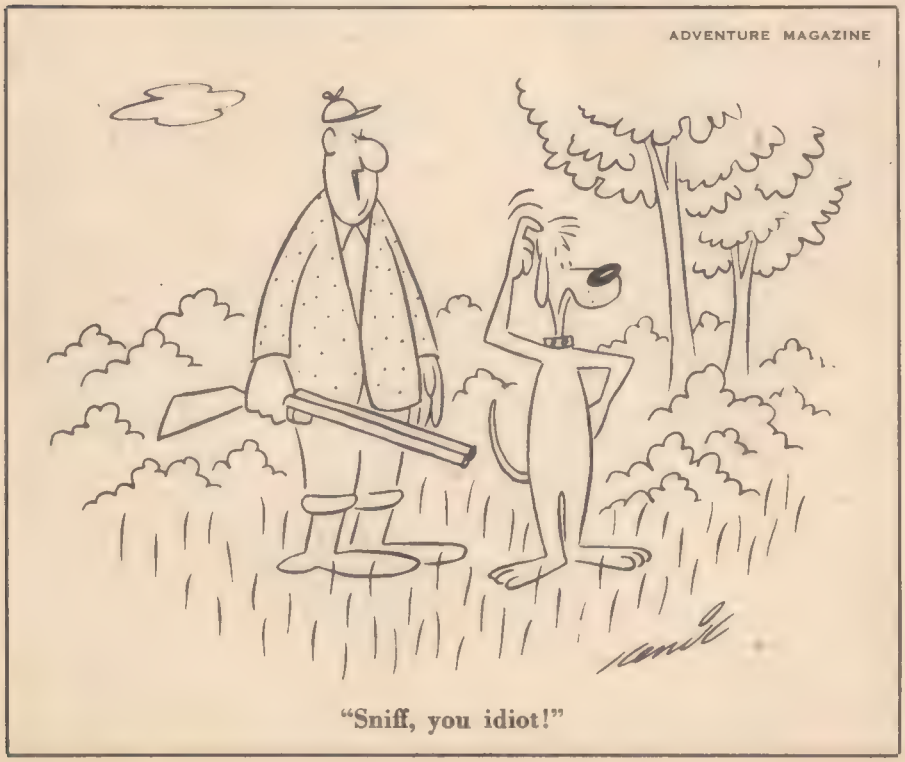
"Go write your story," he said. Don't hold back anything."

When I turned it in he read it rapidly, wriggling with delight.

"That's the best story you'll ever write as a newspaperman," he said. "Chances at material like that don't come twice in a lifetime. You're hired. Instead of ten dollars a week we'll pay you fifteen. Take the rest of today off. Report here tomorrow at one o'clock."

I went out and thanked Katie. She patted my hand and said, "In a year you'll be as good as any of those fellows."

When I reached the street I took my corn cob pipe and packet of Dixie Queen from my pockets and surreptitiously dropped them in the gutter. Then I went into a cigar store and bought a fifteen cent Havana, lighted it, and strolled along Market Street. I wondered if any of the passing crowd realized that I was a newspaperman. One thing was sure—I'd never go back to college. There was no need to. I had found the right kind of work for me. ■ ■



"Sniff, you idiot!"

The old bull discovers unfaithfulness of mate, bellows angry challenge.

even in the manner of their ambling side by side through the woods the young male and female pachaderms were deeply in love, and as they seemed to wander each day farther and farther away from the herd, Grenier began to watch only those two members of the herd, determined to record their love affair.

One morning Grenier, with camera set, was crouching in the brush nearby as the two young elephants calmly munched on some green shoots on low hanging limbs of trees. Suddenly a sound that made him start to his feet filled the air—the terrible roar of a very angry elephant. The roar was accompanied by a thunder of heavy hooves and the crash of breaking branches and shrubbery.

The two young elephants had frozen in their tracks at the sound, also, and before either could move there broke into the clearing a powerful elephant male, his trunk raised high, his small eyes gleaming with rage.

Grenier managed to get his camera going almost from the instant the big male crashed into the clearing. And what followed revealed to him very clearly the meaning of the young male and female leaving the herd surreptitiously and going off alone. Not only were they in love, but the female was the mate of this big raging male who had finally caught the young lovers together.

And the further tragic aspect that unfolded before Grenier's eyes was the fact that the angry husband was much older than the young lover, and that only his rage would enable the old elephant to match the strength of the youngster.

The young elephant did not seem to relish the fight. Perhaps it was his first battle for supremacy in the herd, the fight which had to be fought and won if he were to return to the herd or to have the female he loved.

The two big adversaries took their stands, the trembling young one measuring tusks with the raging old bull, trunks high in the air to leave the field clear for the clash of gleaming ivory tusks.

The shock of their first clash shook the forest as the two big beasts threw themselves at each other, pushing with all their enormous strength, their tusks crossed and locked like the swords of duelists.

Neither was shoved from his feet by the impact of the first meeting, so finally they withdrew from each other, backed off a few yards, then lumbered forward again for another head-on crash.

The female, meanwhile, stood quietly to one side, awaiting the outcome of the gigantic battle for her favor. She seemed unperturbed about the outcome.

Again the big males met, their tusks locked and the pushing and shoving show of strength began once more. The second clash ended as had the first—in a draw and a withdrawal to prepare for a third blow.

The third meeting drew blood, the young elephant's blood. As they met with a roar, the old bull's tusk rammed into the young fellow's jaw, slicing the tough hide as if it were butter, bringing a spurt of clear red blood and a bellow a pain and fear from the young brute.

The old bull withdrew immediately he had made his thrust and moved away to a little hillock, where he watched, his anger gone, as the young bull collapsed to the ground to lie, defeated, in a pool of his own blood.

The female was still unperturbed, stood quietly waiting, seemingly indifferent to the disasterous finish of her lover.

After a while, when the old bull had regained his breath, he lifted his trunk and from his throat issued a long and mournful trumpet, a sound that repeated itself in echo after echo as it moved through the jungle. It was a message of victory to the rest of the herd.

Quietly the female followed as the old bull turned from the clearing and led the way back into the jungle, and not once did she look toward the supine young male with whom she had had such a wonderful love idyl. For she would follow the old bull so long as he proved, either by strength or cunning that he was the strongest male of the herd.

For the strongest male, in the elephant community, is automatically ordained leader and is feared and respected. Once he has proved his strength, however, it generally takes no more than a shoulder butt to bring a delinquent young bull to obedient submission. Only when the leader's position as head of the tribe is challenged—or when a young male commits adultry with the leader's female —will there be a battle, a duel to the death.

Then it will be a matter of "The King is dead. Long live the King!" ■ ■

Death thrust. Younger bull overestimated his strength, paid with his life.

PHOTOS GLOBE

You can't out-fight a clawing cat, but Koontz banks on out-thinking them.

I TAME THE Wild Ones

Snarling jungle cats train with Mel Koontz to become movie celebrities. Here is the strange reason this cigar-smoking farm boy from Kansas pits his life daily against the deadliest, most dangerous living creatures

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

"DID a lion ever get away from you?" I asked Mel Koontz.

Koontz, a tanned, stocky man with a belligerent personality and bulging muscles, scratched his head. "There was one right here in front of the compound a couple of years ago," he said slowly.

As the foremost animal trainer in the United States for arena, motion-picture and TV work, what Koontz says about the big cats is gospel in any tent or on any sound stage.

"How come?" I demanded.

Koontz told me. Training a young male in front of the World Jungle Compound at Thousand Oaks, California, he was letting the lion run free a hundred yards away from him, loose in the fields of golden wild oats.

Suddenly Koontz was horrified to see the big male disregard his shout of command, the sole control he had over the beast. The 250-pound, eighteen-month-old lion swished his tail angrily. He snuffed the wind. He gargled throatily, then let out a blood-curdling roar. At full gallop he sprang off toward a line of weather-beaten circus wagons a few rods distant.

Screaming for help, Koontz raced after him. He rounded the wagons as fast as his stubby legs would take him. He was just in time to see an old range cow staring aghast at the stalking lion. She had evidently strayed in from the surrounding hills, munching on the sun-dried grass.

She had never expected to meet a lion on the prowl. She emitted a long heart-rending moo. The lion let out a second roar. The cow galloped off. The lion crashed in hot pursuit. Both vanished into a steep ravine.

Koontz plunged recklessly after them.

At the dead end of the ravine he saw the cow, bellowing desperately. The lion had gripped its back with both paws. It was trying to bite the backbone in two, the traditional way for a lion to kill its prey.

Armed only with a length of hickory broomstick, Koontz attacked the lion. Finally the beast gave ground. He dropped off the cow.

By this time the cow decided to take action on her own. She whirled about and lowered her head. Before Koontz knew what had happened, she had banged $1,500-worth of half-trained lion up against the side of the ravine.

Shouting louder than ever, Koontz commenced beating the ribs of the cow. But, angry enough to take on all comers, she waltzed around again and charged him. She tossed him into the air, butted him to the ground and held him there, pawing the earth.

When the panting reinforcements of three assistant trainers arrived, they saw an interesting tableau. The young lion was leaning up against the side of the ditch, licking a paw and watching the proceedings with detached interest. The raging cow was pinning to the ground a man who considers himself the most experienced and successful animal trainer in the world.

"It took all (*Continued on page* 86)

Koontz has played screen's most virile males, including Mature and Gable.

three men to get that crazy cow off me," Koontz told me. "All because I never learned about *cow* training."

In the weeks that I watched Koontz closely—most of the time from outside bars, once inside with him—I came to realize that here was a man who thought more like a beast than a human. He was able to anticipte the impulses of a lion and beat him to it. Koontz has never yet been out-thought by a cat. It is precisely this quality which makes him able to put them through stunts on motion-picture film that would be unbelievable to other cat trainers.

Thick-muscled, fast-talking and abrupt in his manners, Koontz is superintendent and chief trainer of what is the largest collection of trained wild beasts in existence. "You can have a tame animal that is untrained," explains Koontz, "and you can have a wild animal that is trained."

At most times Koontz has under his jurisdiction about forty lions, twenty-five panthers, fifteen tigers, eight leopards, four black panthers, a couple of pumas and an assortment of bobcats, as well as a hundred monkeys, two elephants, twenty birds, four buffalo, thirty deer, five antelope, eleven camels, four llamas, six bear and perhaps a half-dozen wild sheep.

Koontz' specialty is "breaking and working the cats" though he is on better terms with the monkeys and elephants than are any of his fifteen assistants. He has been earning his living at the nerve-tingling job of cat-handling since 1926. He takes risks daily that no other man would venture once in a lifetime. Not even the well-publicized lion-tamers of the circus can do his job.

"The circus performers don't break the cats," Koontz said to me over his shoulder one day as I was watching him put three half-grown lions through their paces. "We show them what to do. I say there aren't more than thirty men in the world who can successfully break cats—and there are hundreds of men who can work them. Clyde Beatty, for example, never broke a cat in his life. We sold him five of ours, a while back, for a thousand dollars apiece."

It is Koontz' self-imposed job to take wild animals—most of them lions, tigers, panthers, leopards or wildcats — direct from the jungle to the cage. "In some cases I take them at five weeks, right off their mother's teat," he boasts. He proceeds to teach them tricks which appear impossible to the onlooker: they sit, trot, perform on barrels and planks, dive through fire, walk tightropes, dance and play ball. Koontz even has a couple 400-pound lions that he makes lie down by twisting their tails. He drags them around the floor and ends up by dusting off their noses with the tail-tassels.

"I don't think anyone else does this," Koontz says mildly. "If the lion isn't feeling right it's a little dangerous."

Koontz, who broke his first lion—the famous Jackie I—in 1927, has yet to propose a stunt that his beasts will not perform. He gets them to hug him, kiss him, wrestle gaily with him, and at one time a pet lion would hold his head in its jaws for seconds at a time.

For movie work—"an entirely different kind of training, without cage, or chain-and-leash"—Koontz feels that his most spectacular job has been to train tigers to open doors. But he feels the most difficult stunt for any beast to perform is to go away from its trainer without looking back.

"Or maybe it's playing dead when an actor shoots a blank at him," he adds. "A lion doesn't like to lie still."

In one picture, "The Macomber Affair," Koontz had a tough assignment. The director demanded that he plant a lion in the bush across the lake, call him out, have him take a drink, look up when an actor fired at him, then run back into the brush.

"They really had me pooped," Koontz says. "That was working the lion from four hundred feet away. I had to set him in the brush, race around the lake behind the camera, call him to the water and get him to slop it up; then I had to race around behind again, hide myself and call him back."

While encouraging such feats from his feline friends, Koontz is the antithesis of the usual sporty model of a lion-trainer. He avoids the white pants, shiny boots, quirt, blank gun and pith helmet. Instead, he wears a sour expression and old green Marine fatigues. He carries a broomstick, a chair and a cigar butt in the corner of his mouth. He shambles into a cage full of lethal fury like a street cleaner, and within minutes has the cats prancing about their business for the paying customers. Koontz gives an act six days a week in a compound, sometimes for as many as 2,000 visitors.

He paralyzed me on one occasion by breaking into an interview with an unheard-of invitation.

"Come on in the cage with me," said Koontz brusquely.

Testy animals often forget "parts." Koontz has been badly clawed twice.

"Me?" I asked, turning deathly white.

"Sure," Koontz said, striding ahead. "There's nothing to be afraid of. These cats all know me."

I stifled the obvious retort and went after him. I was still arguing as we passed down a dark, malodorous passage and halted before a small iron-banded door. Koontz turned to me in the gloom. He shifted his cigar to the other side of his mouth.

"This is the door we come in and go out of," he said. "Take it easy. Don't scare the cat."

"Me?" I said incredulously. "I wouldn't."

"Stay close to me. Always keep your eyes on the cat. Keep facing him. Don't turn your back."

"I won't," I said, feeling that most of this advice was superfluous in the extreme.

"I'll take care of the rest," Koontz announced. He opened the door, letting in a flood of sunlight, and plunged through. I plunged after him.

The arena was huge, semi-circular with the bare scrubbed floor and dark iron bars that were home to Koontz. Seats were arranged for the cats at various heights. There was a barrel and a plank and a kitchen chair. Koontz shook his short length of broomstick at a sleek, tawny monster skulking around the floor.

"C'm'ere," he said, pointing the legs of the chair at the beast. The lion showed its yellow tusks. "C'm'ere," said Koontz in an irritated tone. The lion snarled in reply and slunk closer.

"Watch this," Koontz said. He stepped slowly around to the rear of the beast and suddenly grabbed its tail.

Instead of whirling on the presumptuous little man, the lion growled faintly in his throat and sank to the floor in a ridiculous posture, paws up and mouth open.

"It looks like my Airedale at home when he wants a biscuit," I whispered to Koontz.

"Don't whisper," Koontz commanded sharply.

"Don't the cats like it?" I asked in a normal tone.

"*I* don't like it," Koontz said.

He twisted the lion's tail gently. The lion moaned and flopped over.

Koontz let go the tail. The lion leaped up, snarling a little and stalking about, switching the caudal appendage that Koontz had just handled so roughly.

"Up high!" cried Koontz, waving the chair negligently. "Hold it!" The lion took a stroll then leaped to a seat.

"Watch his eyes," Koontz said. "He loves this kind of work."

I WATCHED the lions big golden eyes. I could see no pleasure in them. They stared intently at me; I felt like a hypnotist's patient.

"Shall we go now?" I asked Koontz.

"Okay," Koontz said. He gestured with the chair, holding it with one hand. "Down," he said.

The 300-pound cat landed with no more impact than a wheatie from a breakfast table. I backed away, keeping my eye on him. Koontz turned his back and strolled after me.

I managed to find the little door behind me. I fumbled it open. Koontz came unhurriedly after me.

He shut the door. I was surprised to find I was sweating heavily.

"You did fine," Koontz said approvingly. "A lot of people would have been scared in there."

Not all of Koontz' excursions come off as well and as uneventful as that time. I was watching him once from outside the cage when one of his pets resented an order. Irritably—Koontz will never admit they do anything out of any other urge than "irritation"—the cat took a deft swipe at the stocky trainer. Blood jumped out of Koontz's burly forearm.

Koontz was irritated in his turn. He disregarded the other six cats in the arena and concentrated on the offender. The crowd—perhaps 1,500 Sunday guests—gasped as Koontz frowned on the snarling lion. "C'm'ere," said Koontz. He held out the injured, blood-dripping forearm. "Lick this off."

The cat began to emit blood-curdling growls. Its teeth flashed. I sidled away from the cage as Koontz kept up his relentless advance on the cat, always guarded by his omnipresent kitchen chair. The lion held his ground, pawing now and then at the trainer.

Finally Koontz held out his arm to the cat amid horrified silence from the amphitheater. Still mumbling his protest, the cat shot out his tongue and licked the wound. "Good boy," Koontz said, backing off. "Good boy."

There was a spontaneous hurricane of applause—whether for Koontz or the cat, I could not figure out. I met Koontz as he came out of the cage door with his characteristically rolling gait.

"Did it hurt?" I asked.

"What?" asked Koontz, barely out of the fit of intense concentration that he always has in such a case.

"Did it hurt?" I repeated.

Koontz looked at me. His eyes lost their glaze. "Oh," he said. "Sure, it hurt. A lion's tongue feels like a file."

Koontz has saved the lives of scores of tyro trainers by dashing into the cage at the right moment. "Nobody has ever been hurt when I've been on the door," he explained to me. "That's one record I want to keep." He issues brusque orders to his helpers when he is working: "If you see one of those cats going for me, get in there as fast as you can. Don't get in *after* he gets me, get in *before!*"

The five-foot-eight veteran thinks his nerve may be running out. "I used to have more nerve than a yearling bull when I was young," says Koontz. "Some old hand would say 'That animal is an outlaw, Koontz,' and I'd jump up and kiss my hand and say, 'That's the jackie for me!' I don't do that any more." Koontz figures he has no more than seventy per cent of the boldness he had twenty years ago. The thirty per cent has been taken up with experience and wisdom.

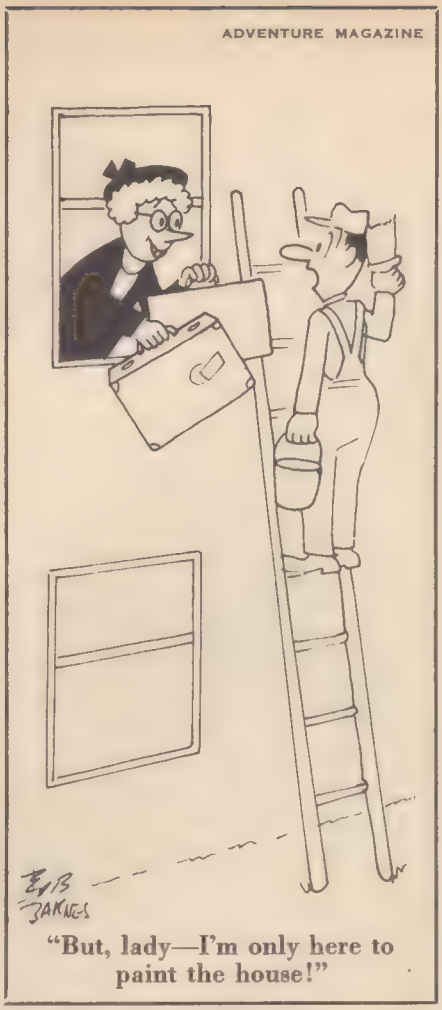
The term "jackie" for a lion—now fairly universal among trainers—comes from Koontz. He has trained four lions, Jackies I, II, III, and the latest, Jackie IV, a cub less than a year old, which are almost human in their ability to perform. They are thought to be the only quartet of big cats in the world capable of being handled absolutely without restraint under the most trying conditions of strangers, noise and temptation—that is, in the hurly-burly of motion-picture production.

Jackie I was the original MGM trademark and appeared in nearly 500 films. Jackie III made its debut three years ago in what Koontz calls a "messed-up film" named "Fearless Fagan."

NOT that Koontz can claim a perfect slate when it comes to influencing lions. He recalls very well the time when Cecil B. DeMille—his most enthusiastic customer when it comes to using animals in the movie—shot his famous "Sign of the Cross" in 1931.

"The scene was supposed to be an arena, the Coliseum at Rome," says Koontz. "The lions were devouring the Christians. 'Get them really eating on them,' says DeMille."

Koontz and two assistants were detailed to handle twenty-seven full-grown lions and lionesses, only five of them trained. Hundreds of extras sat in the



"But, lady—I'm only here to paint the house!"

seats above the sanded floor. They jeered and applauded on cue as the cats gnawed the "Christians."

Says Koontz: "Actually they weren't Christians. Just dead sheep, covered with clothes or blankets. The lions were having a real party of it and I wasn't too sure what would happen. DeMille is a stickler for realism with animals. I was worried. But he was paying good money."

A WARY old veteran lion wandered away from the rest. DeMille yelled to Koontz to get it back within camera range. Koontz ran toward the beast but it paid no heed to his shouts.

Instead, it commenced to maneuver the harassed trainer into a corner. Finally, it got Koontz penned into an angle of the arena.

"I started to sweat," Koontz says. "I must have lost five pounds in thirty seconds." The old lion, a huge animal with an uncertain temper, had only one eye. Koontz stood deadstill, not daring to breathe, hoping the lion would pass him on the blind side.

But the cat slowly swiveled his head and saw Koontz in the corner. He drew back his bloody lips.

"Right there I knew I was caught," Koontz told me. "I gave a yell and started to run. I had a chair and a stick but the lion was that close I couldn't use them."

The lion caught the running trainer in two jumps. He pounced, knocked him down, and fastened his jaws on Koontz' hip. "What saved me was something I didn't know," Koontz says. "They had collected this male from some zoo. His fangs were gone. He was trying to gum me to death."

Koontz was still in fear of the gangrenous wounds that a lion's claws can inflict. He kept yelling for help. One of his assistants bounded across. He hit the lion over the head with a pick-handle as hard as he could. The lion gasped, let go Koontz' hip and loped off, snarling its disappointment.

Koontz' methods of training, both for caged arena work and for the free-wheeling movie technique, are thoroughly unorthodox. The violently sun-burned little man's blue-eyed stare seems to have a shocking effect on his charges. He makes use of what he believes to be the prime animal emotion—fear—by blows at critical moments, but he never brutalizes an animal. He starts them down, pets them, reassures them, gives them patient, unremitting attention.

"It's the same as raising a child," he explained to me. "You have to make them respect you and, after awhile, love you. But you never know about them, how they're going to turn out. You have to expect anything."

Koontz makes it a rule never to leave an animal whipped. "I don't like them to store up resentment," he declares. "You never can tell when they're going to work it out on you." He talks to his cats after their punishment, "explaining" by word and gesture, getting their feeling of good will back, "kidding" them into it. "You can tell by the sound of their growl when they're over a mad."

Koontz considers himself lucky that he has never had a legal hassle over one of his pets. They are often rented for Hollywood publicity or advertising and are invariably a huge, although sleepy, success. An actress, Marilyn Maxwell, paraded at a Las Vegs resort with a bored tiger. The press agent decided on a spectacular shot and dunked Miss Maxwell and the cat in the swimming pool. The lady did her part very well

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but the tiger, with less training, reached out and clawed a set of gashes in her shapely legs. The tiger got most of the photo-section publicity.

"They should have known better," Koontz points out. "Tigers like a little water but they hate to swim. Anyway, I don't think she got more than a scratch."

Whatever challenges Koontz may get from others who break animals for indoor acts—such as the famous St. Louis zoo display, or circus ensembles—he can always claim to be the foremost and only trainer of "free" animals for the movies. "It's the hardest and most nerve-racking kind of training," Koontz explains. "You have to get a cat to do what you tell him from hundreds of yards away. If he doesn't do it right away, the scene loses thousands of dollars. And some of the stunts the script-writers and directors think up aren't easy."

Just the same, Koontz has never been stumped on a movie act. After working in 700 pictures, he cannot remember a time when he has not come up with what the director wanted. One of his most difficult was in "Blue Horizon."

"We've got to show Dorothy Lamour swimming side by side with a big tiger," said the director flatly. Miss Lamour had no love for the big cats—nor they for her—but that could be solved by a split screen. The job was to get the swimming tiger on film.

Koontz devised a black-painted box into which the tiger was lashed with steel cables attached to a camouflaged harness around its chest. This was towed through the water. The tiger, perforce, had to swim in its invisible cage.

"That was a tough one," says Koontz, "but actually movie people don't have much imagination when it comes to writing animal scenes. Ninety per cent of them are the same old thing."

He thinks DeMille gets the oddest and most dangerous notions. In one spectacular sequence of a DeMille production, years ago, DeMille demanded that Koontz send thirty lions roaring up a long staircase after some victims. To make up the number, Koontz imported a dozen from other zoos—one that was known as a "killer." This had no effect on Koontz: he released him into the thirty-by-twenty-foot arena at the foot of the stairs with the other beasts.

"He prowled back and forth a lot, snarling at me," says Koontz, "but I had my pick handle. I was young and tough—and besides I had a big six-footer, a real gutty guy, as my assistant. I figured we could lick any of them."

The rogue lion stalked Koontz for awhile and then decided to lie down. The time came to release the cats through a corridor to the stairs—the only other exit being into a yard surrounded by a twenty-foot-high fence. Koontz stationed his big assistant at this exit.

"All the lions went up the stairs except that one ornery brute," says Koontz. "He headed for the exit. My assistant went right over that twenty-foot fence!"

Afterward Koontz asked the assistant why.

"I wasn't going to stay in there with that lion!" said the other with great indignation. "I didn't have the chance of a chicken with an elephant."

"What about me?" demanded Koontz.

The other looked at him for a long moment. "You're crazy anyway," he answered briefly.

IN a majority of all the hundreds of animal pictures that have been made since the first animal movie in 1908—called "Lost in the Jungle" and starring Toddles, an elephant that Koontz insists could occasionally gallop faster than Tom Mix on his horse—Koontz has doubled for movie actors. He has played blacked-up African savages, gladiators, hunters, girls of every nationality and hue, cavemen and a hundred other roles. He has doubled for all the Tarzan series of stars through the years and, as he says, "for all the damn male stars," such as Victor Mature and Clark Gable(in "Red Dust," with Jean Harlow)—and for Zazu Pitts, Thelma Todd and Mae West. It was in 1933, in a blonde wig with a sultry walk that Koontz doubled for the latter, in "I'm No Angel," wrestling with an enamored lion on the screen for the first time.

To prevent mishaps, Koontz has every animal stunt as thoroughly mapped as a strategic battle advance. Thirty or forty sketches are made of it. This saves cam-

era time and gives a training routine for the animal. "The only trouble," he says, "is that sometimes the animals forget their poses."

One of Koontz' worst moments came when he had to play Daniel in the lion's den in an opus called "Slaves of Babylon." The director requested the trainer to play the part in the midst of six oversized lions. Worst of all, he had to wear a black cloak and a rubber mask to match the face of the leading actor. "I figured the cats couldn't see me or smell me," says Koontz. "My assistant had to stay thirty feet away. Anything might have happened."

As it came out, Koontz stood for a full sweating minute in an attitude of upright prayer, stepped over the nearest feline and walked out. Then he ran.

THE $300,000 World Jungle Compound where Koontz works—and which is largely indebted to him for its booming trade in trained beasts for movies and TV—is located just off a speedway two hours from Hollywood. It occupies thirty acres of land in a section of California that strongly resembles the hot veldt country of Africa. Large evergreen live oaks and rolling hills of grass make the area an ideal spot for wintering small circuses and keeping animals in year-round trim.

The yearly income from movies and TV amounts to about $75,000 for the Compound. Koontz himself gets about $15,000 a year. The services of the animals do not come cheap. Koontz estimates that a single well-done animal sequence of a few screen moments may cost up to $100,000. Koontz and the Compound get about $40,000 of this and the trainer himself may average $3,000 a shot for his doubling and training.

"If I had my way I'd retire from this doubling," says Koontz pensively. "It isn't worth the money any more. What I'd like to be is a script consultant, telling directors what they can and can't do with animals in a script."

The trouble is, there is no one else who can substitute for Koontz in working movie animals. He seems to be unable to transmit his peculiar genius for this to any apprentices. In the opinion of his co-workers—who unanimously think of him as "king of them all with the cats"—Koontz has a unique combination of smell, appearance, animal psychology, bluff and sheer nerve that no other man has yet come up with.

The sole explanation Koontz can give for his own talent is that he can "anticipate the mind" of animals. He reproves his cats "not for what you've done but for what you're thinking about!"

Some of the vicarious agony Koontz feels for embryo trainers comes from the single serious cat fight he has ever had. Five years ago he got into a wildcat-versus-man tussle. As he expected, he came off second best. He would have been disembowelled except for his real talent for thinking and acting like an animal.

Koontz was working a wildcat for a remake of "Rose Marie." Using a semi-trained cougar, Koontz was to supply the director with a simple scene: the cat would leap down upon a horse on the trail from a twenty-foot-high branch.

On the morning of the shooting, the wildcat appeared sulky. It climbed out on the fake branch but refused to jump. Nothing, from food to threats, would induce it to leap upon the patient horse beneath. At last, with the consent of the exasperated ASPCA man (the anti-cruelty society, ASPCA, always has an expert assigned to each animal-using picture), Koontz went out with a long pole. He pushed the cougar off his perch.

Instead of jumping, catlike, the beast landed with a thud. It leaped up and slunk back into the papier-maché undergrowth.

Koontz was feeling as sulky as the wildcat. He was wearing dark glasses, having taken the snapper of a bullwhip in his left eye the day before. He disregarded the most elementary rules of caution and went after the angry, bruised animal.

Backed by two assistants, armed only with his pole, Koontz advanced down the trail. His dark glasses kept him from spotting the wildcat, stashed to one side. Before he knew it, the beast sprang upon him. The claws raked his side. The jaws snapped shut on the back of his neck.

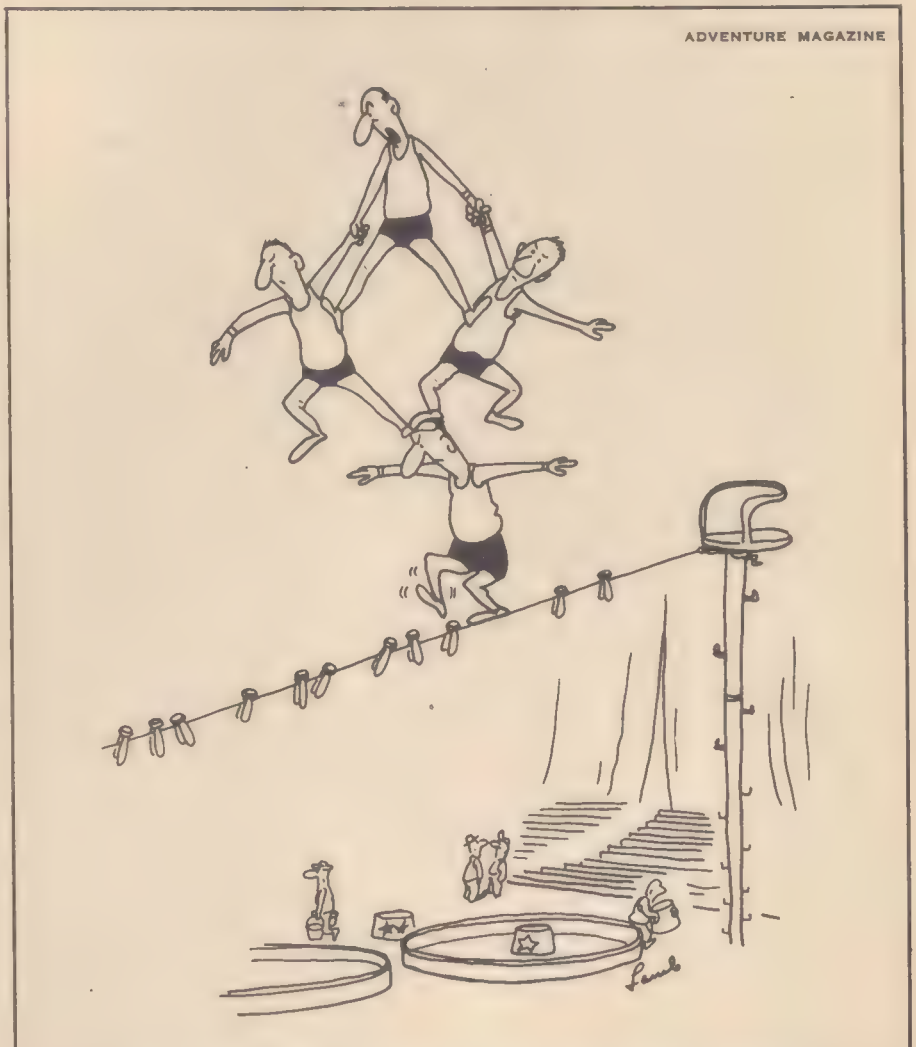
Luckily, the Koontz neck—which still bears a trench-like scar—resembles that of a rogue hippo. His instinctively tightened muscles saved him from instant snapping of the spine. He thrust his right arm above his head, into the cougar's frothy jaws. He pushed it off—"after all, one of them only weighs about ninety pounds"—and kept his arm deep inside its jaws.

One of the claws on the wildly thrashing paws caught Koontz on the nose and eye, ripping them open. Blood gushed out, blinding the trainer completely. His forearm got an eight-inch gash. If the cat had chosen to attack, it could have disembowelled him.

As it was, Koontz beat it down with his right fist. He yanked out his arm and staggered back. The wildcat, standing its ground, began a series of hair-raising snarls. As Koontz went back, pace by pace, the cougar advanced, showing its fangs in a deadly grin.

"Want to know where my assistants went?" says Koontz. "They went for help. One came back—and he was carrying a camera tripod. I guess he forgot the camera."

Koontz got the tripod and the assistant



"Joe, you're going to have to speak to that wife of yours!"

in front of him until he wiped the blood from his eyes. He jumped atop the cougar's cage. Luckily, there was a female inside. When Koontz opened the door, the surly wildcat leaped in beside his mistress.

"After that was all over," comments Koontz wryly, "I guess I got scared for the first time since I left the farm."

Koontz believes that most of his rapport and fearlessness with animals comes from his boyhood on a Kansas farm. He was born December 1, 1910, at Fort Scott, christened Melvin Lawrence. His family was Irish-English-German. His father, Tom, grew wheat and alfalfa on the Great Plains and his mother, Margaret Carnes, was a full-blooded woman who bore nine children, including two sets of twins. Koontz himself is twinned with a sister named Myrtle who now owns a café in Wichita.

The family moved to California in 1922, loaded into two Model T Fords.

Arriving in the fall of the year, they settled down in a tourist camp next to the original Seelig Zoo, one of the first in Los Angeles. The animals exercised the fascination of a magnet over iron for Clarence, Koontz' elder brother. When after a few days the animal keeper for the famous leopard woman, Olga Celeste, quit, Clarence was offered the job.

Clarence worked diligently at it for four years while his twelve-year-old brother sold peanuts at the zoo. In 1926 Clarence got the chance to work the animals and he relinquished his keeping job of sixteen cats to the sixteen-year-old Koontz.

"Old Colonel Seelig was the first man to put animals before the camera," says Koontz. "He did it in 1890, when he was a zoo man back in Chicago. And Clarence was the best trainer he ever had."

Clarence quit Celeste in 1928 and moved up to head trainer for Seelig. By this time Koontz had caught the animal-breaking bug and was picking up pointers from his brother.

Clarence died in 1932 from pneumonia. Koontz stayed on at the zoo as head of animal training until 1939. Then he accepted a job with Frank Buck. For two years he was responsible for the Buck "Bring 'Em Back Alive" show at the New York World's Fair.

By the time Koontz got back to California, World War II was on. Animal acts were verboten as a way of making a living. Koontz went into defense work, assembling units at an airplane plant. He refused to surrender entirely his first love. He managed to support his own pet lion, tiger and black panther by caging them either in his house or the back yard. He fed them and exercised them—to the horror of the neighbors—when he got home from work at night. He got some movie jobs and week-end exhibits for his pets but until 1945 he did no professional training.

Koontz joined the Compound in the fall of 1945 as head trainer. He has remained there ever since.

Koontz occasionally uses special devices to get over his point. His first attempts consist of doing the tricks on his own to give his animals the idea. "It saves their dignity," he says, "if I do something foolish first." One lioness refused to sit on a stool—"maybe because of middle-age spread." Koontz invented a series of screens that kept pushing her into smaller and smaller areas—each with a stool in it—until the lioness disgustedly jumped on the stool and sat.

In a picture, "Mighty Joe Young," where a monster was supposed to hurl a lion across a dance floor, the signals got mixed. Koontz was flung out along with the lion. "I came near getting it that day," he admits. As it was, the lion just stared at him contemptuously.

KOONTZ makes a point of working day after day with his beasts. "A cat will revert in three weeks and forget all it has learned in a few months if you don't keep it working," he says. The ones he uses in the movies he keeps with him as much as possible. "For any other trainer, they're as wild as the day they came from the jungle." He estimates he has trained 400 animals—200 of them cats—in his twenty-eight years on the job.

It was his habit of keeping a black panther called Naraka in his house that made Koontz' first wife divorce him. Naraka was reputed to be one of the most treacherous of all animals, but Koontz thinks otherwise. "We had a lot of trouble with him scratching the furniture and knocking over vases," he says, "but outside of that he was a perfect house pet. Never even dampened the rug." His present wife keeps a mountain lion, Kimbo, in their home.

Not everyone shares Koontz' confidence in such pets. During a Jungle Jim picture, Koontz took Naraka out for a run in the open. The panther promptly scaled a twelve-foot fence and was off into suburban Hollywood. Koontz dashed wildly after it. He finally found it slinking about the flowerpots of a bungalow front porch. A woman was shrieking murder from a window above.

"Ma'am," Koontz yelled, getting her attention, "can I open your door and let my cat in?"

The woman stopped in mid-shriek, paralyzed by the request.

"He likes to go in houses," Koontz continued at the top of his voice.

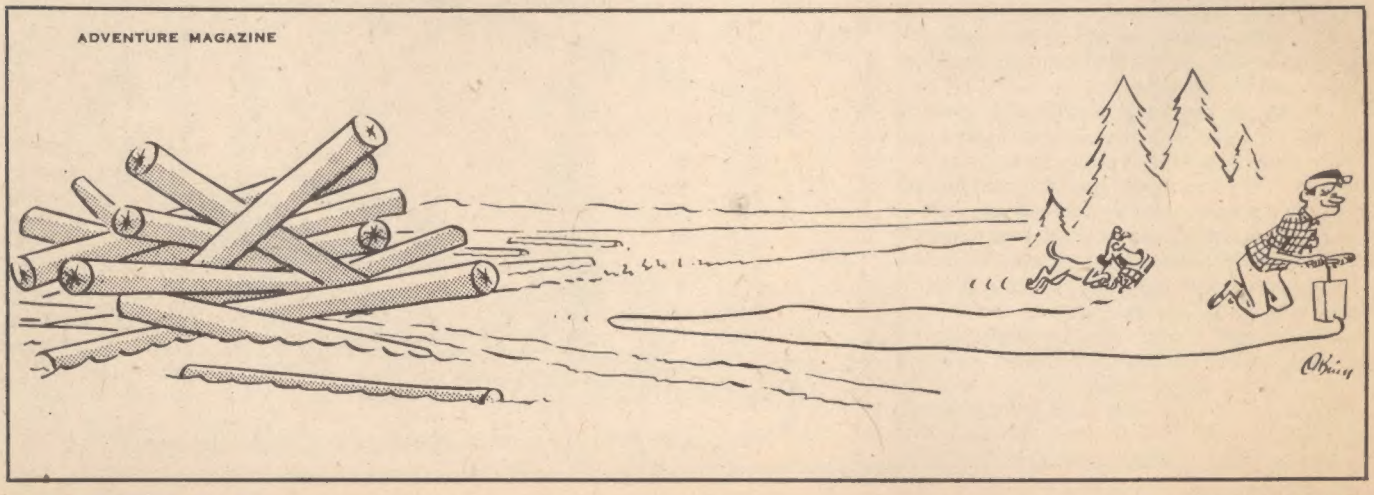
"You—you—" the woman gasped. Before Koontz could explain that he could catch Naraka more easily inside, she had fainted.

"I had to catch him outside," Koontz says. "The panther, I mean."

Scenes such as showing a leopard shot in mid-leap are easy for Koontz even without the ASPCA-forbidden wire trips. He measures the leap of the beast, then puts bait on top of a platform just out of reach. The leopard leaps, catches the edge of the platform and falls back. The abrupt stop and fall is recorded by the camera, identical with the jolt of a magnum bullet.

Koontz has learned to avoid ornate make-up with his cats. Once he had to wrestle a tiger in an outfit of a "monster" composed of deer-cat-rabbit-bear skins sewed together. "Cats like to tear up skins and I was in real trouble," he says. Also, gorilla make-up is dangerous because Koontz' form and smell are unrecognizable and his voice is muffed. "But the pads are good and you can get away," he says.

Perhaps the most severe disappointment came to Koontz when he trained a team of lions to pull a chariot in a race for a recent picture of old Rome. He was vetoed by the director who comforted him by saying: "The ancient Romans were too scared of lions to ever get them to do anything like that." ■ ■



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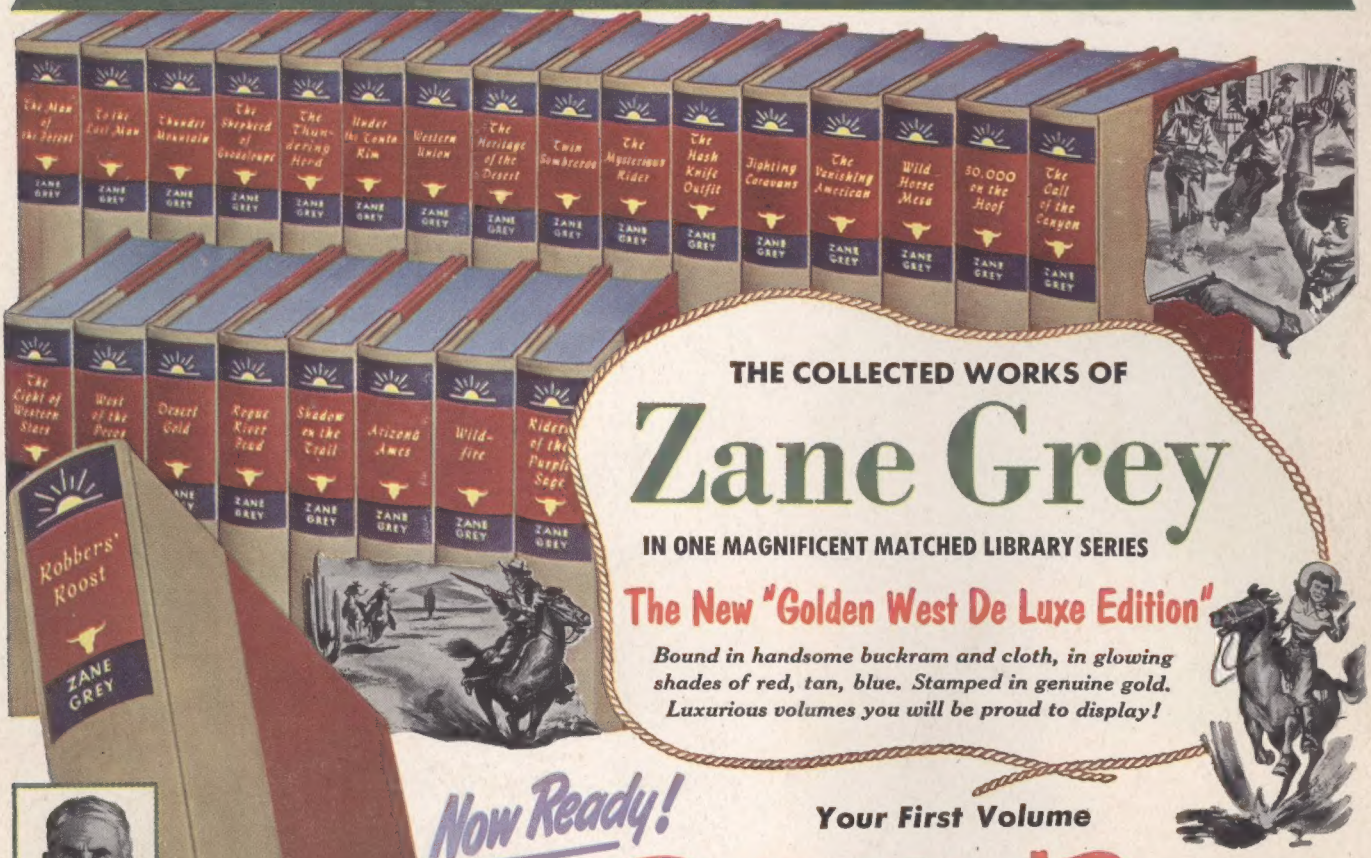

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